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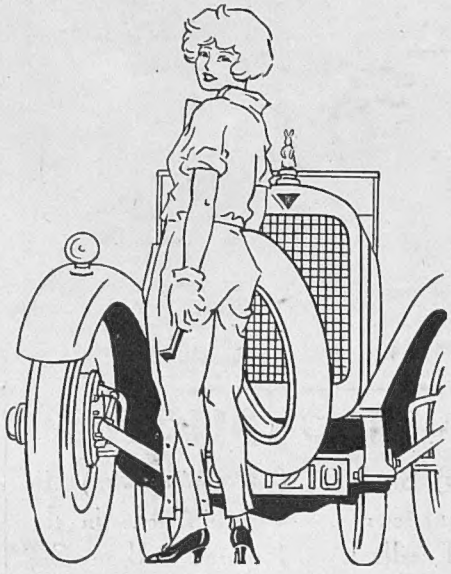

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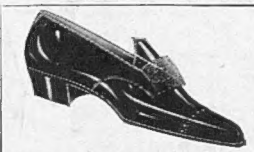

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A new Court Shoe in cinnamon glacé kid with white glacé kid design across the collar and the new spike heel. Lined with white glacé. Half sizes from 2 to 8. Also beige suède with tan piping

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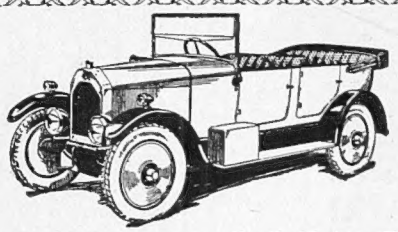

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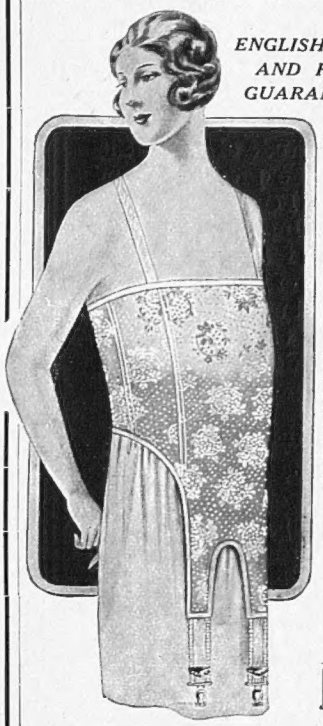

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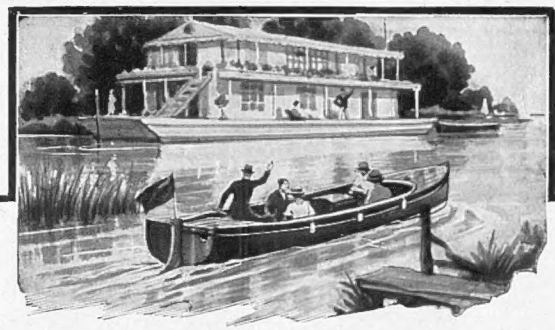

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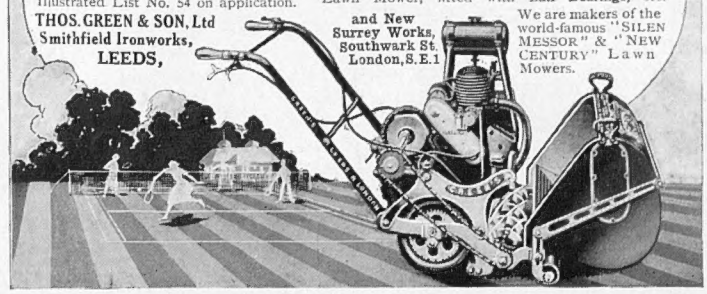

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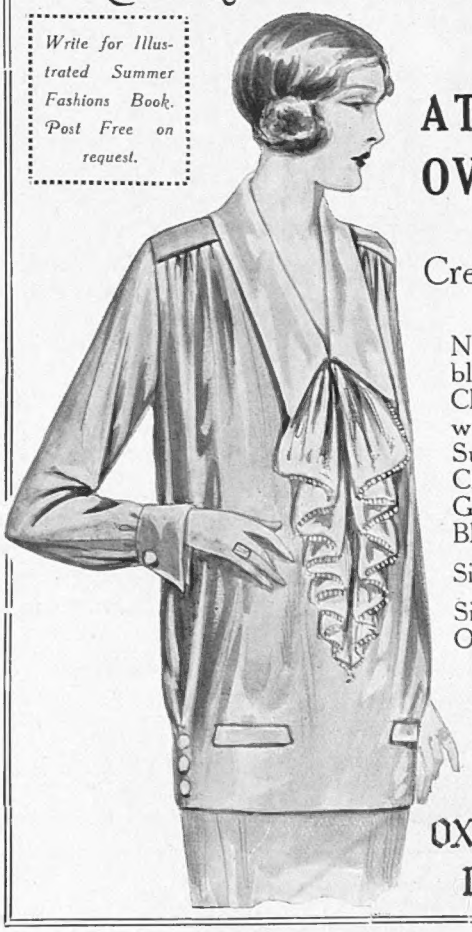

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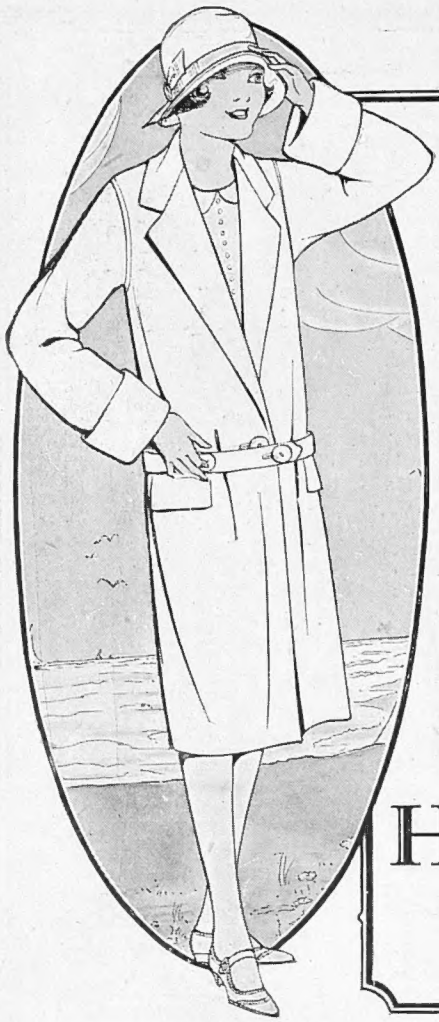

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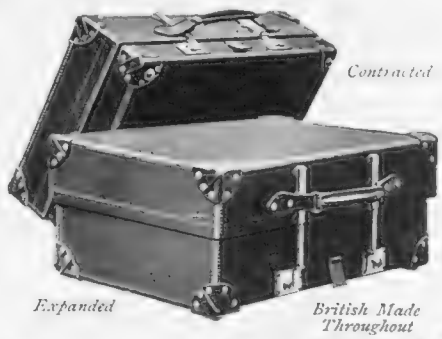

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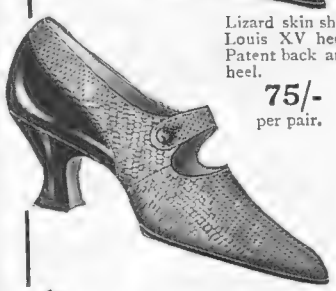

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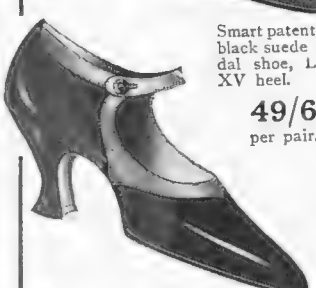

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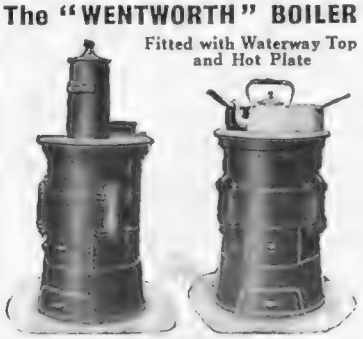

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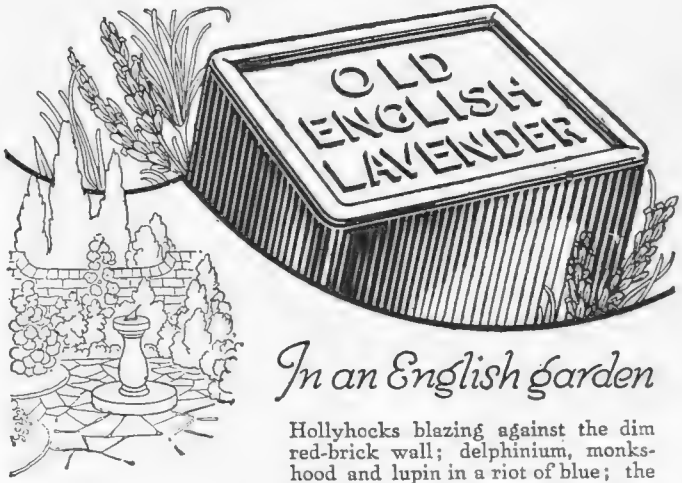

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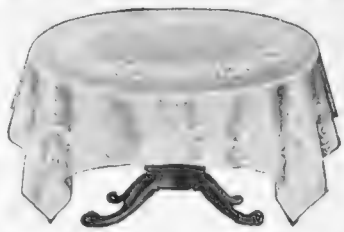

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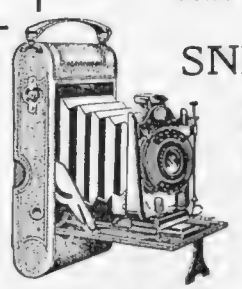

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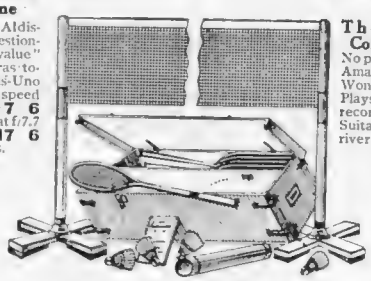

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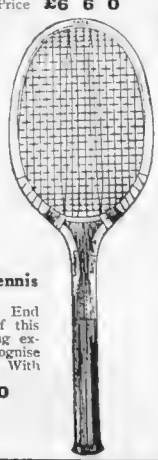

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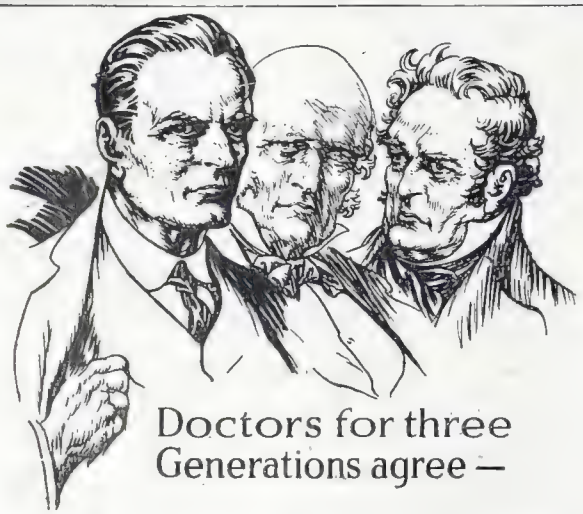

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The Bystander, May 20, 1925 No. 1120. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

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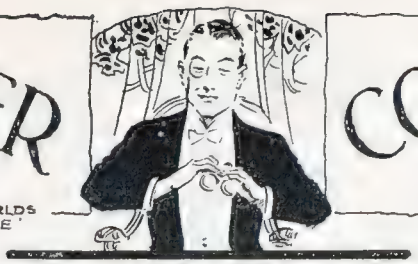
The younger daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. Walter Bernard Barrington. She is a granddaughter of the present Viscount Barrington

A Sign of Summer in the Paris Salon

DIX-HUIT PRINTEMPS

A painting by Sieffert in this year's Salon

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



"A NOTE OF PATHOS LURKS IN THE BACKGROUND"

IT IS A TERRIBLE FELLOW!"

The Fatal Spring

WHAT is there about the Spring that makes the daily obituary column such melancholy reading? One would have thought that the dark days of November would be further darkened by the loss of old friends and famous folk whose names have been familiar household words for so many years, but it is always in the Spring that the old gentleman with the scythe reaps his richest harvest.

Comedy and Tragedy

THIS is not the place to depress you with a repetition of the losses we have sustained during the month. That famous Admiral, that great industrialist, that proud aristocrat, that famous statesman, that noted teller of tales, that popular actor—yet, stay! In the loss of poor Alfred Lester, have we not, perhaps, been hit particularly hard? I met him on the day before he sailed on his last journey, and I could not help pondering on the shadow of tragedy that always seems to dog the footsteps of the professed comedian. He had been compelled, by failing health, to throw up a part that I had written for him, and we parted with mutual regrets. A few days later I was reading a telegram to say that he was lying unconscious in Madrid.

Laughter and Tears

THE trade-mark of the stage, failing a less commercial word, consists of the twin masks of comedy and tragedy, and as no tragedian has risen to the summit of his art without the aid of the saving grace of humour, so few comedians really touch the heart of the public unless a note of pathos lurks in the background. Dan Leno was a case in point, and I never know whether to laugh or cry when Little Tich and Billy Merson are convulsing their audiences. George Robey, on the other hand, is a comedian of the "take-it-and-be-damned-to-you" order who does not rely on such adventitious aids, but Joe Coyne plays upon our heart-strings when he is in his most fun-provoking moods. Leslie Henson is in a class by himself — the Puck of the modern stage.

Hail, Wembley!

LET us hope that last year witnessed merely an expensive dress rehearsal of the real Wembley. Obviously, the exhibition will be a better and brighter effort this year than last. It has had a chance to mature. Its roads have settled, its flowers have blossomed, and its grass has grown. Wembley, in a word, has taken root, and we may hope to see it grow

THOSE WONDERFUL "SOLDIERS THREE"

"SOMETHING OF AN EVENT"

into a splendid success during the coming summer. The organisers have had a chance to learn by experience, and the many exasperating incidents that marred the year that is gone will be mercifully missing in the years that are to come. Hail, Wembley!

Modern Business

THE sentimentalists will sob and sigh over the dictum of the *Sunday Times* leader writer that in the business world the future is with the large organisation, and that the small men, desperately competing with one another, are doomed. But what would they have said if we had sent a thousand little armies, each independent of the other, to fight the great German machine in 1914? Or, if we had sent half a dozen teams under six different skippers to Australia in search of the Ashes? In each great business combine there are many water-tight departments under departmental heads, and if each manager has the sense and the loyalty to look upon his department as his own business, the last state of Oxford Street or Knightsbridge will be better than the first.

"SILK!" By Bam

A Whine from the Would-Be

OPPONENTS of the Socialist movement will have read with considerable apprehension of the attack made by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald upon "The Red Flag." So long as his followers agitate to the strains of that silly song, there is not much for the rest of us to worry about. One could neither march to it, hate to it, nor I imagine, fight to it. It raises no emotions that I have been able to discover, and it shows a great lack of imagination on the part of the Labour Party that they have suffered it so long. It is the whine of a man with a grievance, and the man with a grievance is a nuisance to himself and everybody else. Let's hope we've heard the last of it.

They Wouldn't Do!

WHERE will the Labour Party find an Anthem suitable for all good Socialists to sing? They have several to their hand. There is one beginning:

God save the Squire
And his relations,
And keep us in
Our proper stations.

But, somehow, I fancy that wouldn't do! Then there is that other excellent song:

Work boys work and be contented
As long as you've enough to buy a meal.
For the man you may rely
Will be wealthy by and by
If he only puts his shoulder to the wheel!

And, somehow, I fancy that wouldn't do, either!

A Terrible Fellow

MY daily paper assures me in boldly confident headlines that some use has at last been found for the prickly pear. I doubt it! I would as soon have expected to hear a good word spoken for an income tax collector or for the dole, for the prickly pear is a veritable pariah among fruits. The worst example of the prickly pear that I have ever met is to be found in the rocky town of Eze, on the French Riviera. It is a terrible fellow!

Experience Teaches

THIS prickly pear of Eze provided me with one of those lessons that can only be learned by personal experience. There is a proverb that you should never pluck the fruit of the prickly pear, and I had heard it so often that familiarity had bred contempt long before I paid my first visit to Eze. You might have expected that I should have been satisfied to ignore the forbidden fruit. But no; I had to devise a scheme for looting one of the pears, with the result that its prickles are still working out of my toes and elbows after the passing of many years. Believe me, the fretful porcupine isn't in it with the prickly pear!

Our Most Popular Author

THE decision of competitors in a recent competition that Rudyard Kipling is our most popular author will not please the highbrows, but it would be confirmed on any popular vote. Such songs as "Mandalay" and "Sussex" will go singing down the years, and the reader who can't find smiles in "My Sunday at Home" and "Brugglesmith" will be a dull dog indeed:

'Tis good to sit when the lamps are lit
With those wonderful *Soldiers Three;*
To dream in the gloom of a quiet room
Of travels from *Sea to Sea.*
To take fond looks at those well-thumbed books
We haven't the heart to lend—
The work that was done at twenty-one
For love of the work, old friend.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Central Press

THE PANOPLY OF EMPIRE AT THE ROYAL PAVILION, WEMBLEY STADIUM

The group on the dais of the Stadium at the State Opening of the British Empire Exhibition. Additional interest was lent to the occasion by the fact that this was the King's first State appearance since his illness, and the fifteenth anniversary of his Accession to the Throne. Among those on the dais, besides the King and Queen, will be noticed the Duke of York, Prince Henry, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lady Anne Cavendish (representing her father, the Duke of Devonshire), the Bishop of London, Lord Stevenson, Sir Travers Clarke, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and Mr. J. H. Thomas

Who, When and Where

BY
THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Opening of Wembley

FOREIGNERS always admire the arrangements and effectiveness of our public ceremonials. A day or two after the opening of Wembley by the King, I met various diplomatic folk at luncheon. The great gathering in the Stadium was, for some of them, their first experience of one of our "public occasions." They were all most enthusiastic.

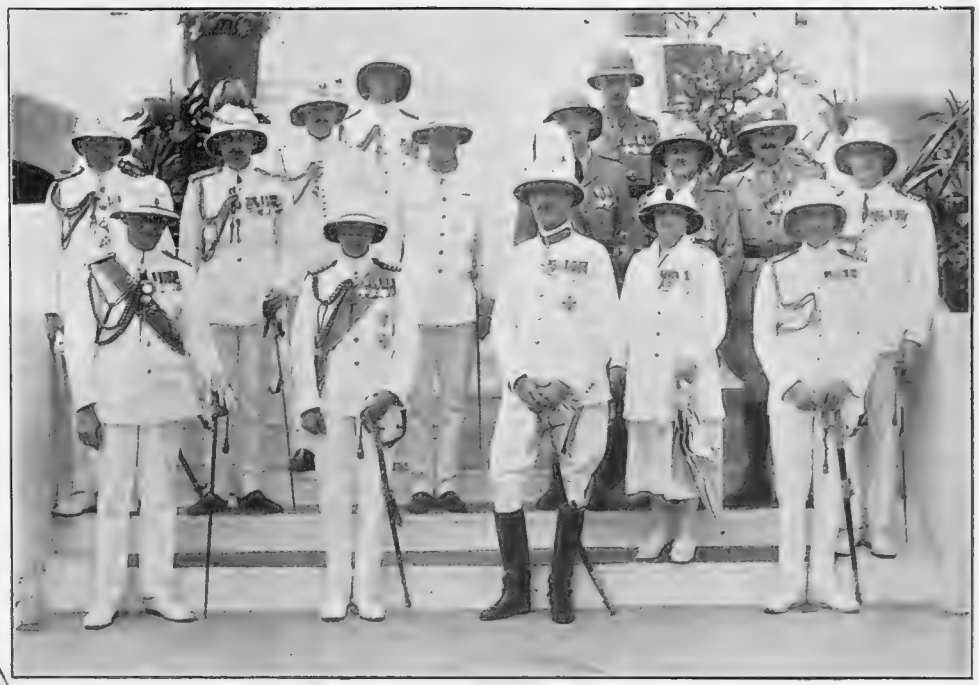
One young man said he knew of no capital where such a mass of human beings could have been so perfectly arranged and so perfectly marshalled. The one thing that struck them was the precision with which the programme was carried out; everything to the minute and all leading up to the arrival of the King and Queen.

One young attaché said he wished Trotsky and some of the other Bolshevist leaders could have witnessed the enthusiasm with which the King and Queen were greeted on their arrival and departure. The Bolshevisation of England is not quite so easy a matter as some people imagine!

Speaking of Wembley, there were hundreds of people in the Stadium who heard practically nothing of the King's speech—and what an excellent speech it was—whilst listeners-in heard every word as clearly as if they had been standing on the dais. Something seems to have gone wrong with the instrument which should have transmitted the King's voice throughout the Stadium.

HOME AGAIN! *Topical*

Lady Patricia Ramsay (the Duke of Connaught's daughter), and her little son on board the "Araguaya" at Southampton. She arrived last week after a six months' trip to Bermuda, where her husband, Captain the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, is stationed



IN TROPICAL ARRAY *Central News*

The Prince of Wales at Accra, on the Gold Coast, during his visit to West Africa. He is here photographed with the Governor, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, Lady Guggisberg, and their staffs, at Christianborg Castle, the Governor's residence

Two Welcome Returns

WITH the return of the Duke of Connaught from his villa on the Riviera, and the return of Princess Beatrice from her visit to Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone at Capetown, the Royal circle in England is complete again with the exception of the Prince of Wales and Princess Marie Louise. Lady Patricia Ramsay has also returned home with her small son from Bermuda, where she has been spending the last few months with her husband, who is stationed in the West Indies.

Princess Beatrice, whose health was not good when she went to South Africa, has benefited greatly by the change. The Duke of Connaught's wise avoidance of our dismal fogs and bitter winds has spared him the bronchial attacks to which he is subject in the winter, and he is looking very hale and hearty.

The late Duke of Rutland

DUKES in their personal appearance very rarely come up to the popular

A PICTURESQUE SCENE *G.P.U.*

Princess Arthur of Connaught, at the fête which she opened at Grosvenor House in aid of the Children's Hospital, Paddington Green, photographed with some of the helpers and children who took part

Central Press

JUBILEE DAY AT KEMPTON PARK

The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, owner of Amethystine (the filly with the stiff back that so surprisingly upset all the experts' calculations by her easy victory) with her trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and Lord Derby

WEARS AND WYE FOURS *Alfieri*

Major and Mrs. Baggelay, Mrs. Gilbey and Captain Renton, at the Wye jump meet, which, although it clashed with Uttoxeter, attracted quite a big crowd. Rees and Speck scored two doubles during the afternoon, and every favourite was successful. Hence, presumably, these winning smiles

Topical

THE HON. LADY CHICHESTER AT KEMPTON PARK

conception of what a Duke should be like. But the late Duke of Rutland was one of the exceptions, and with Lord Ribblesdale he shared the distinction of being the most aristocratic-looking man in the peerage.

He was over fifty when he succeeded his father as eighth Duke nineteen years ago, and since then great changes have come over the Rutland estates, something like sixty thousand acres having been sold. The Duke was the only child of his father's first marriage. There were eight children by the second marriage of whom only Lord Cecil Manners, Lady Victoria Manners and Lady George Scott survive.

The Duke's family were much more in the public eye than the Duke himself; he preferred trout fishing to any social gaiety. The widowed Duchess's artistic leaning, and the position of his daughter, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, among the younger generation of women, were outside the world in which the Duke had his special interests. But he was very proud of Lady Diana's success in *The Miracle* in America.

When the late Duke's father died in 1906 the death duties were crushing, with the result that it was impossible to keep up Belvoir in anything like the princely state which had been the rule there. In the days of the late Duke's father, thirty or forty guests were entertained at a time, and there was always a band, which not only played during dinner and in the evening, but also at breakfast.

By converting the remainder of his property into a limited liability company under the name of "Belvoir Estates, Limited," the late Duke avoided for his successor the crushing burden of death duties which fell upon himself.

Central Press

REIN TIME IN SPAIN

A picturesque view under the trees at the Aranjuez race-course outside Madrid, where the Spanish "Ascot" is held. Our picture shows Her Majesty The Queen of Spain chatting with the British Ambassador, Sir Horace Rumbold; and (in the foreground), Lady Rumbold and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke

Topical

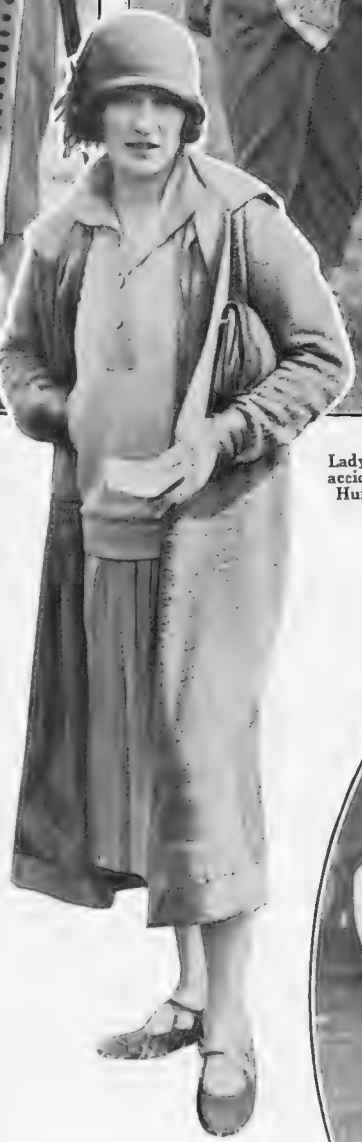
A SPRING MEETING IN SUSSEX

The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan and Mrs. Hankey at Fontwell Park. This meeting was part of the backers' "seven lean years," only two favourites coming home. T. Leader had a day out, however, scoring a double with "Fassaroe" in the Walberton Steeplechase, and with "Fortune's Smile" in the Richmond Hurdles

Sport and General

SPECTATORS AT HURLINGHAM

Lady Thirlestane, Lady Wodehouse and Lord Wodehouse (now recovering from his recent accident, without which, unfortunately, no polo season seems complete) arriving at Hurlingham to watch the match between Eaton and the Maharajah of Jodhpur's team



Alfieri

LADY CRAVEN AT FONTWELL PARK

Death Duties

BELVOIR CASTLE is a huge place near Grantham, built on a height and with magnificent views of forest and valley. The present building is really a sham castle, having been built in the reign of George IV, at about the same time when that monarch let Wyattville loose on Windsor. There are some fine pictures at Belvoir, notably two woodland scenes by Gainsborough, and in the library is an almost complete collection of prints by Hollar, the etcher, to whom we owe most of our knowledge of old London before the Great Fire.

But the most beautiful Rutland possession is Haddon Hall, that gem of Elizabethan architecture, near Chatsworth. This the late Duke made over to his son, Lord Granby, four years ago.

Sport and General

POLO PEOPLE IN THE PICTURE

Major G. Heseltine and Lt.-Colonel C. F. Hunter, of the Eaton team, with Mrs. Syers, in a touching domestic scene at Hurlingham. Eaton were quite outclassed by the Jodhpur team, the visitors winning by 14 goals to 6

AT THE UNVEILING *Central Press*

The Duke of Connaught unveiling the memorial at Hyde Park Corner to those who fell in the war whilst serving with the Machine Gun Corps. Standing in the foreground are three V.C.'s of the Corps, Major J. R. N. Graham (left), Capt. A. E. Ker and Lieut. White

A MONARCHIST TRIUMPH *Keystone*

Field-Marshal Von Hindenberg inspecting the Guard of Honour outside the Reichstag, where he took the oath as the new President of the German Republic. Vast crowds assembled in Berlin to honour the triumph of the Monarchists

The new Duke was his father's second son, the elder boy, who was styled Lord Haddon, dying when he was nine years old. The new Duchess is a daughter of Mr. Francis Tennant — who is Lord Glenconner's heir in the Tennant baronetcy — and consequently a niece of Lady Oxford and Asquith. She has four children, two sons and two daughters. The elder boy, who now becomes Marquis of Granby, has been styled Lord Roos of Belvoir, a peerage conferred on his great grandfather in 1896, eight years after his succession to the dukedom.

Opera in English

THE short Carl Rosa opera season at the Lyceum opened bravely last Tuesday with *Madame Butterfly*. The big theatre was crowded, and the applause was what some of the newspapers call "rapturous." And the applause was deserved, for the singers were excellent. But oh, why doesn't somebody write a decent translation in English of the libretto of *Butterfly*?

At times I felt an overflowing sympathy for Miss Beatrice Miranda, the Butterfly, and Mr. Hughes Macklin, the Lieut. Pinkerton. Not only had they to sing the most ridiculous words — wholly inadequate to the meaning of the original Italian — but more than once there were not enough words for the music.

The season goes on until May 30 with all the old favourite operas: *Carmen, Tales of Hoffmann, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci*, and *Aïda*, but only one Wagner opera, *Tannhäuser*, on the day before the season closes.

The Caledonian Ball

THIS year the Duchess of Norfolk is arranging the set reels for the Caledonian Ball, which takes place at the Hotel Cecil next Monday. Rehearsals of the reels have been taking place at Norfolk House in St. James's Square, and there will be two at the Hotel Cecil, one on Friday and the other on the day of the ball. Dancing the set reels is not nearly so easy as it looks to the Southerner, absolute precision being essential; that is the reason for the rehearsals.

Some great Scottish dame always makes herself responsible for the set reels. Last year it was Lady Sempill; this year the Duchess of Norfolk, who is Baroness Herries in her own right, has undertaken the task. This is not a light one, as the dancers for the set reels have to be chosen, written to, partnered, etc. Dates for the rehearsals in London have to be fixed to suit everybody's convenience, but despite all the fuss which invariably accompanies

A NAVAL "CHUTE" *Keystone*

Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Jellicoe in full sail on the chute in "Treasure Island," the children's own Amusement Park at Wembley. We were not told if he hung out collision mats to protect his silk hat

such arrangements, the organiser of the reels invariably receives her reward in the brilliant success of the ball.

This year the ball takes place for the seventy-seventh time. The tickets are 30*s*. for gentlemen, 25*s*. for ladies, which may be obtained from Lady Margaret MacRae, Colintraive, Argyllshire; Captain F. E. Stanley, 20, Deanhill Road, East Sheen, S.W.14; or the Hotel Cecil. They can be bought at the hotel up to eleven o'clock on the night of the ball. If you just want to be an onlooker you can pay 10*s*. for a seat in the gallery, or £15 15*s*. for a box overlooking the Grand Hall of the Cecil.

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Lady Rosamond Gallwey-Robertson, whose engagement to Mr. Bryan Gibbs was recently announced. She is the elder daughter of the Earl of Carrick

A SERVICE WEDDING *Vandyk*

A group taken after the wedding of Miss Sheila Mary MacFarlan, only child of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. MacFarlan, of Penshurst, and Captain Cecil Bruce Robertson, M.C., at Penshurst Parish Church. The photograph shows: the bride and bridegroom, the best man, Capt. E. Buchanan, M.C., and the bridesmaids, Miss M. Buchanan, the Misses Doreen Annette and Esmé Bury and Miss Marjorie Hunt

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Hay Wrightson*

Mr. V. A. L. Mallet, elder son of Sir Bernard and the Hon. Lady Mallet, and his bride, Miss Jean Andreae, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The photograph shows, besides bride and bridegroom, the best man, Lieut. H. A. A. Mallet, R.N. (retd.), Miss C. Andreae and Miss C. Bowes-Lyon (train-bearers), and bridesmaids, Miss Sophie Andreae, Miss Sylvia Mallet, Lady Margaret Bingham, the Hon. Barbara Harcourt, Miss Bettine Potter and Miss Patricia Annesley

Lord Leverhulme

LONDON has reason to be grateful to the late Lord Leverhulme. Until he bought Stafford House from the late Duke of Sutherland, the London Museum was housed in a hole-and-corner way in Kensington Palace, with no possibility of expansion. Lancashire saw the apotheosis of Lord Leverhulme's fortune and labours, and for that reason he desired that the former Stafford House, which he gave to the nation, should be re-named Lancaster House.

We really owe Lord Leverhulme's generous gift to dry-rot. George IV's brother, the Duke of York, had a house in what was then known as the Stable Yard, because it abutted on the stables

of St. James's Palace. At a dinner-party given by the Royal duke "a very offensive smell suddenly burst upon the company." The "unpleasant effluvia" became so strong that "pastilles were obliged to be continually burning."

The next day the Duke sent for his architect, who discovered that the unpleasant smell came from dry-rot "with which all the main timbers of the mansion were affected." There was nothing for it but to pull the house down. The Duke set about building a much larger house on the same site, but when it was half finished he came as near bankruptcy as is possible for a Royal Prince, although he had £70,000 a year, a prodigious sum in those days.

The derelict house, which was on Crown lands, was bought by the first Duke of Sutherland on a ninety-nine years lease. The wife of the second Duke, the famous Duchess Harriet of the early Victorian time, took a palace at Mantua as a model for its reconstruction and decoration; so, when you go into the great hall at Lancaster House to-day you see a replica of the hall of a great Italian palace with marble walls, a double branching staircase and pillared galleries above.

The late Duke of Sutherland sold the remainder of the lease to Lord Leverhulme in 1913 for £60,000.

Ascot

THE number of applications this year for the coveted badge which admits its wearer to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, is, I hear, unprecedented. Lord Churchill and his assistants are already nearly snowed under. Some people think that presentation at Court gives them a right to the badge. But this is wrong. They might as well think that presentation gave them the right to dine at Buckingham Palace. Lord Churchill has a delicate task in making out the list for submission to the King and Queen who go through it very carefully and often subject it to a further cutting down. The enclosure is not elastic and when a certain number of badges have been issued there is literally not room for any more people.

Sport and General

A WINNING HAND

Miss Barr with Mrs. J. H. Barr's three Irish Wolfhounds: "Courtesy of Grevel" (left), "Chivalry Boy of Grevel" and "Courage of Grevel." At the Tunbridge Wells Canine Society's Open Dog Show these three dogs lifted between them, four "firsts," four "seconds" as well as other honours

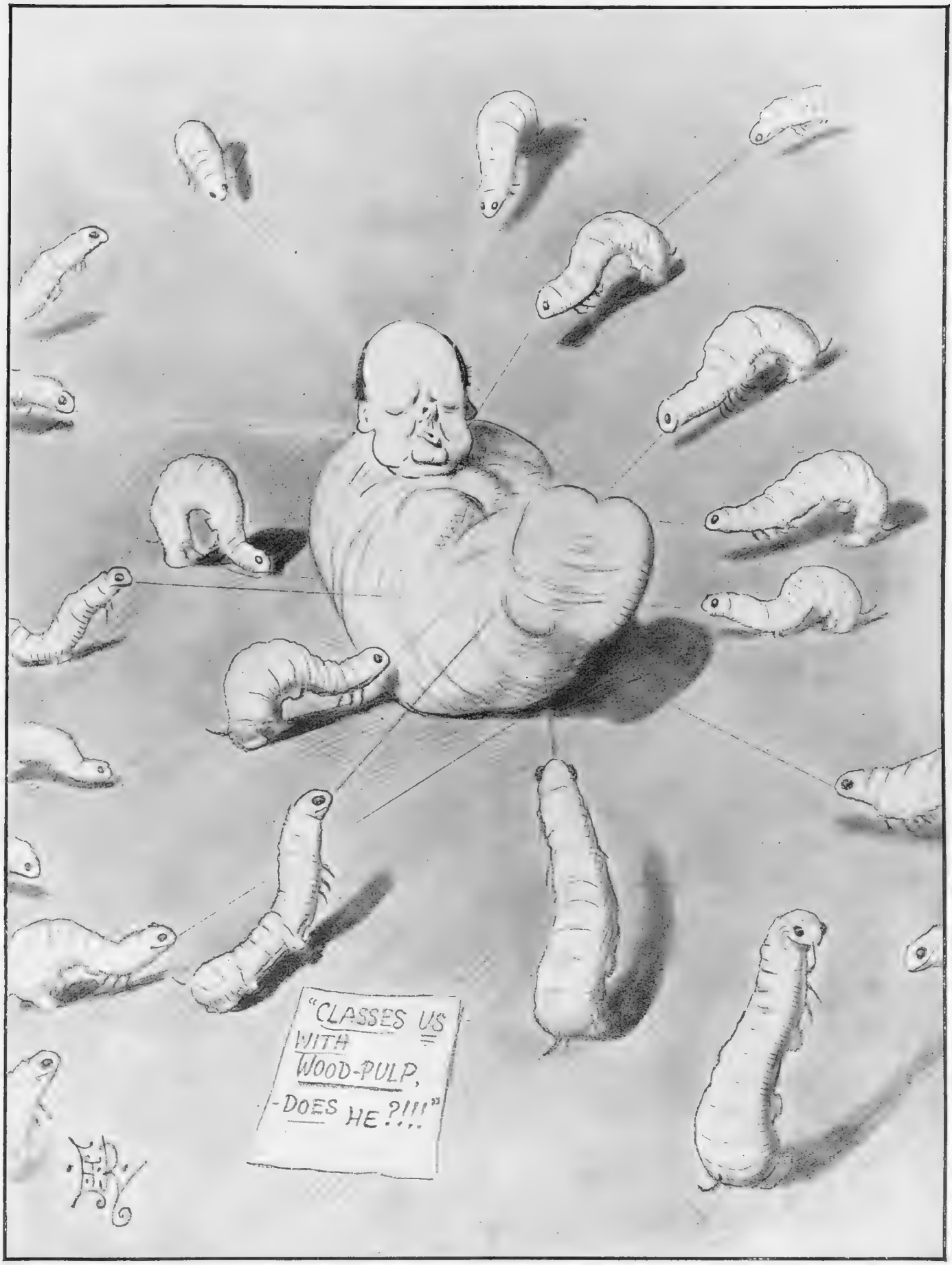
An Empire Week Ball

IN connection with the Empire Week Ball, to be held at Hyde Park Hotel to-morrow (May 21), in aid of the funds of the British Women's Patriotic League, H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught has promised her Royal support. Amongst others who are actively helping in this event are the Dowager Countess of Gosford, the Duchess of Atholl, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, the High Commissioner of Australia and Lady Cook, the High Commissioner of Canada and Mrs. Peter Larkin, the Agent-General for Western Australia and Mrs. Colebatch. Several valuable prizes are being given, including an evening cloak, valued at 100 guineas, designed and presented by Reville, also a summer frock, and Mary Glyn of Brook Street is giving a hat, valued at 5 guineas. A cabaret will be provided and Dick Richards' band will be in attendance. Tickets for the ball, which are £1 10*s.* each, or £7 7*s.* for six, may be obtained from Miss D. E. Pilley, 92, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

"GOOD FOR A WIN" *G. G. Garland*

Miss Kitty Price with her horses "Bunty" and "Polymint," which have appeared in many Sussex and South of England shows and gymkhanas. The success with which they figured may be judged by the array of prizes in the foreground

The Worm's-Eye View



BY E. T. REED

WINSTON'S NIGHTMARE; OR, WHEN THE SILK-WORMS TURNED!

Mayfair Marches to Music

Grand Opera and The Russian Ballet are Here

By GORDON BECKLES

Caricatures by HYNES

"Herr Bruno Walter, the conductor at Covent Garden"

MAYFAIR passing down the Strand in full evening kit while the sun is still high in the heavens; a noticeable brightening-up of Chelsea's contingent of picturesque bohemians . . . signs of the Season.

"The young Irishman who masquerades under the name of Dolin"

It is one of the strangest of London's many strange customs that almost its entire yearly musical diet should be gulped down in the space of a few summer weeks; the resultant æsthetic dyspepia is terrible.

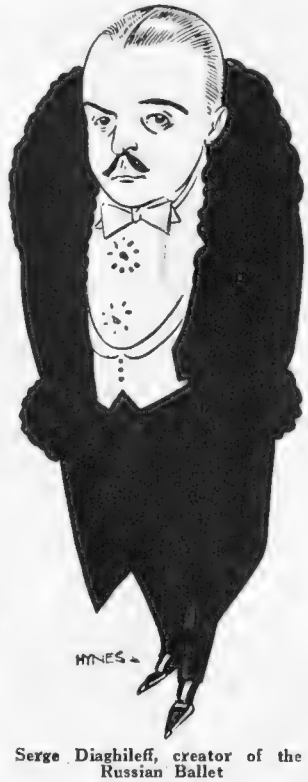
But, there; who cares about the morning after when, on the night before, there is a spectacle of an artistic banquet spread out on a scale that no other city in the world can hope to rival? The mere reading of the items on the menu can bring a thrill of satisfying anticipation.

TWO world-famous *chefs* are in charge; Bruno Walter, as conductor of the German operas at Covent Garden, and Serge Diaghileff, creator of that still astonishing infant, the Russian Ballet.

For the coming of Diaghileff all Chelsea and half Mayfair is preparing. *Zephyr et Flora*, the new ballet choreographed by Leonide Massine, *Les Facheux*, and *The House Party* are to be the novelties, but more anxious is the Ballet's particular public to see the old favourites. Who has ever forgotten the sensual brutality of *Scheherazade*, the farcical deliciousness of *Good-Humoured Ladies*, the sentimental pleasantness of *La Belle au Bois Dormant*?

TO recapture the spirit of these familiar productions Diaghileff brings a troupe singularly devoid of great names, and there lies the greatness of this astonishing man. That Karsavina, Lopokova, Massine, Fokine, Idzikowsky have all in turn left him is old history. Yet Diaghileff, with that *flair* for spotting potential talent, just as quickly surrounds himself with new "stars." Mlles. Sokolova and Tchernicheva, and M. Woijikovsky must be counted the principals; and there are others—Ninette de Valois, Danilova, Nikitina, while the young Irishman who masquerades under the name of Dolin may have outworn the novelty of his *début*. But last winter Diaghileff picked another winner—Serge Lifar, an eighteen-year-old dancer who bears an incredible facial likeness to the immortal Nijinsky.

Leonide Massine, choreographer of a new ballet



Serge Diaghileff, creator of the Russian Ballet

AT Covent Garden a syndicate behind "the" syndicate has scoured Europe for new singers. Bruno Walter, whose conducting of the *Ring* last summer provided a first-class sensation, comes at the head, and is followed by an awe-inspiring list of German names, with here and there an artist who will awaken pre-War recollections in the minds of Londoners.

ON the opening night, *Rosenkavalier* was produced, and no more delightful choice than the "Viennese sugar-plum" music of Richard Strauss could be imagined. Richard Mayr as Baron Ochs, Delia Reinhardt as Octavian, and Lotte Lehmann as the Princess are names to conjure with.

Actually, it is *The Flying Dutchman* which is the novelty of the season. Years have passed since this early piece of Wagner was last played. Up in the great scenery loft above the Covent Garden stage hangs the derelict canvas ship of the red-bearded hero.

Elektra comes to take the place of the gory *Salome* as an example of Strauss at his modern best; and for some unaccountable reason *Lohengrin*, which reached the height of its London popularity in the 'nineties, is included. *Die Meistersinger*, however, should make up for that; and later on during the Italian season there are generous concessions to the Puccini admirers.

Signs of the season . . . . . Seventy-minute intervals at Covent Garden, and a boom in decorations of the Bakst inspiration.

The Pageantry of the Public Services Seen at Wembley

BY NICK

Our artist's impressions of the great spectacular display "London Defended," which is the star attraction in the Stadium at Wembley throughout this month. Mounted police, firemen, and all the fighting services are represented in a display dealing vividly with the fighting of dangers that have threatened, or still beset, London

GOLFING GLOOMS

No. II.—THAT HOLE

By DELL LEIGH
Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS

IN all the pleasant vista of courses up and down the country there is one hole, somewhere or other, that stands out arrestingly in your memory at all times and in all places, and for a variety of reasons.

It is either a hole which, as the Americans say, "gets you guessing" every time: or it is a hole where you invariably begin to go to pieces and continue to do so therefrom, and of which you are frankly terrified; or else it is a hole which you always play brilliantly, until the day when, thirsting to show Brown, that impossible egoist, how the hole *should* be played, you come to its tee and it costs you a scrambling seven before you are through with it.

There are individual holes dotted about through your golfing career which make history for you: history which loses nothing in the telling of it to all who can be cajoled into listening. Holes tense with drama that you never wish to see again as long as you live—and a hole that you would dearly like to be able to afford to reproduce in facsimile in the meadow at the end of your suburban garden: to have it set up *in toto* and with the same sand and sub-soil, like the Americans have had set up, on their national course, the world-renowned "Alps" at Prestwick.

For tales of drama holes I commend you to this one. A tale now often told, but I can still write of it with as poignant a pen as if the blow had fallen only yesterday. The famous Professional, that man of blithe spirit whose habitual poise would be disturbed by nothing less than a landslide beneath his shop. He had never played on the classic course to which I, his humble opponent, had taken him that day, though he had long wanted to. A perfect Spring morning, still, peaceful; the links, save for the singing larks, empty. The Pro. hitting all his tee shots out of sight. His smooth, accurate play through the green and on it reminding me of the deliberate, inexorable motions of a well-tended machine tool.

So much so that when we had holed out on the fifteenth green his caddie, a grown man who should have known better, delivered himself *sotto voce* in the background of the startling statement that "'e only wants three bogies now to break the record for the course!" We both heard. I saw my friend stiffen up suddenly as if prodded in the back. Sweat broke out on me. Then his caddie damned himself utterly in the eyes of all decent men by a further remark to me, given in that hissing whisper that is like the crack of a whip: "An' now we come to the most difficult 'ole on the course, this 'ere sixteenth; fair teaser it is."

The Pro. heard that too, and his face became all tight. Cheerfully could I have brained the chattering ape with the business end of my putter. Eight it cost that beloved man—and *such* an eight! And the next and last two holes—but no: let us change a painful subject, he may see this paper. We speak of that great course, he and I, sometimes — not often. And when we do he says at once: "Oh, that something sixteenth!"

Then there is that spectacular hole which bursts upon your delighted gaze for the first time on a strange course. You have never seen anything like this hole for sheer fascination. And you say so to your host who is hurrying you round rather, while he draws your attention to the high-grade quality of all of them. The good manners of a guest, and a thrusting couple behind, preclude you from lingering lovingly over it. But you make a mental promise to yourself that you will come out after tea and play it in your own time, enjoying it to the full.

This you proceed to do with your pet driver, a light iron and four new balls. The hole is blind, that is half the joy of it. You get a bit of a slice on the first; a nasty-looking pull on the second (but it may come round—probably will); the third and fourth are peaches. The glory and wonder of that hole is that a good drive lands your ball on a delicious plateau, with perfect lies, and it is an enchanting iron shot down to a punch-bowl green with the flag winking invitingly. The third and fourth balls are lying there like a couple of white pearls—couldn't be better. One iron shot finds the green but kicks off (no matter, damfine shot), the other, half-topped, is a bit short (was there a burn guarding this green? You can't remember—hope not, anyway). The pulled drive is no more seen ("Jove! I'd no idea there was all this heather here!") and after twenty minutes' interval you proceed in search of the sliced fellow. He is lying at the bottom of the ravine. Surely this must be ground under repair? Can't play it anyway: better pick it up: only practising after all.

Meanwhile there *is* a burn with deepish running water (it ought to be netted, of course, infernal bore) and a half-crown ball is now well out to sea on an ebb tide. The kicker (beautiful shot all the same) has to be raked for in stubbly furze. Or did it go to the right? Can't remember now. . . . It is getting devilish dark too. You may go home with three balls. On the other hand you may not.

Trudging back to the Clubhouse you are not so sure that hole *is* anything very special. Come to think of it, the eighth at Soandso has it whacked, and so has the thirteenth at Suchandsuch. Good Lord! You've left your driver behind on that infernal green!

The Pro hitting all his tee shots out of sight"

Next of Series:
III.—"CLOTHING

A Bump-er Occasion

BY C. AMBLER

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE LIGHTER SIDE OF OXFORD EIGHTS WEEK

JOSÉ COLLINS in FRASQUITA

FRASQUITA AT THE PRINCES

Produced April 23, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

I HAVE copied down the title of this play as it appears on the programme. Leading ladies are usually credited with a desire to appear on the bill of the play in prominent type, but I do not think I have before met a case in which the lady takes precedence of the title of the piece itself. Yet there is probably a sound reason for the novelty, because, after all, the friends and admirers of Miss Collins come to the theatre first of all to see and hear her, the character she is representing being quite a secondary consideration. And *Frasquita* is no more than the conventional type of musical comedy with all the tried ingredients that are supposed to make for popular success. Music by Franz Lehar is copiously supplied throughout the story, and Miss José Collins as a tuneful Gipsy Maid, who sings her way valiantly through the piece, supplies all the arts and graces that her public know and like so well.

I HAVE never to my knowledge met a Gipsy Maid, though I had my hand once read by a matronly lady of the Romany tribe, and I am still on my guard against the dark man, who, I was warned, is one day to cross my path. Apparently however, the path-crossing industry is not so common as it was. I noticed that Frasquita did not profess to be able to tell fortunes, and it may be that the modern palmists have put the gipsies' noses out of joint in this respect. After all, there must be a limit to the amount of mendacity the public will swallow. The story of the play is the old one of the young man who forsakes a lovely girl for one who is in his view lovelier still, that having been the way of young men from the beginnings of time, in the vain search for perfect happiness, and, as the song has it in this play, a "Paradise for Two."

To begin with, General Girot is staying at a Spanish fishing village with his daughter Dolly, who is there to look after him, as the old boy's glittering eye for the passing face that allures is still undimmed by age. Dolly, whose name does not altogether suggest the romance of Spain, is expecting a visit from a young officer of the name of Armand, to whom she has, apparently, been engaged by proxy. Her father tells her that Armand will have something important to say to her in confidence, and that after that he will probably kiss her, and if after that she doesn't know what to do, the money spent on her education has been sadly wasted. Armand arrives in due course, and is, as was only to be expected, entirely charmed by the fair Dolly (Miss Ethel Baird); but before the two can come to grips, as it were, a troop of gipsies arrive; while in the distance we hear a melodious voice singing "La, la, la," and so on. This is Miss Collins tuning up her throat, so to speak, before bursting into real song.

IT is easy to understand that as soon as Armand has seen Frasquita (for 'tis she!) he is sorry he made such a rush for Dolly. But he is obliged to proceed warily with his new courtship because it appears that a Gipsy Maiden always carries a dagger tucked away in her garter within easy reach in case there looks like being a bit of a fight. The modern English maiden, I understand, does not favour this fashion, perhaps because owing to the brevity of the modern frock, the handy little weapon would be too much in evidence all the time. Frasquita has not been on the stage many minutes before she manages to stir up a brisk little scuffle just for the fun of the thing. There is, for instance, Luisa, the local village dancer, played by Miss Amy Auguarde with her usual excellence and thoroughness. While Luisa is dancing, Frasquita stands by making disparaging remarks about her clumsiness, and when Luisa retorts in still more disparaging terms, Frasquita pulls up her skirt abruptly, and we know that

she is reaching for what Hamlet calls the bare bodkin. Fortunately, the friends on both sides intervene and separate the fighters before any damage can be done, and so Frasquita decides to sing instead. We preferred her like that.

ARMAND is Mr. Thorpe Bates, whose duets with Miss Collins are in the best style of musical comedy romance, and must make a ready appeal to the ordinarily sentimental young lady who is not actually engaged, but who knows Someone who admires her very much and will probably mention it at the first opportunity. Then we come to the entirely unromantic incident of Armand's cigarette-case. He calls aloud that someone has stolen it from him, and there is a clear hint in his words that he rather suspects Frasquita to be the guilty party. Naturally his words arouse a storm of indignation, since the idea that a gipsy could ever steal anything borders necessarily on the profane. As a fact, the cigarette-case is found a moment after; but Frasquita's gipsy blood will not allow her to accept Armand's apology. She makes a solemn vow that she will follow him up, and knife him straight from the garter, as you might say. In this pious resolve she is encouraged by Sebastiano (Mr. Charles Quartermaine), who is himself in love with her, and who would naturally feel happier if his rival were permanently incapacitated from getting his breath back.

IN the second act we are in a "Moorish Café." By this time Frasquita has become a popular singer, and as she is also expensively frocked and daintily bejewelled she is certainly more attractive than ever to Armand, who might reasonably have hesitated to hug the typical gipsy of the first act from purely hygienic motives. About this time it becomes apparent that Frasquita is losing her enthusiasm for the knifing programme, and longs only that Armand will love her for herself alone. This is, of course, the usual climax in stories of the kind, and the public would be disappointed if they were denied the endings to which they have become endeared. Besides, Armand looks so nice in his military uniform that it would be a pity to waste him on a mere funeral. But every time that Frasquita shows signs of being about to yield, the fierce Sebastiano bids her to get on with the good work of knifing.

THE humorist of the piece is Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who takes the part of a professor named Hippolyte Gallipot (I ask you!). Mr. Gwenn's difficulty is that, being a real actor, he cannot help trying to act the nonsense supplied to him for a part; whereas all that is expected of him is that he should skip about the stage and "rag" generally. Still, Mr. Gwenn manages to get in at least one good song and dance, aided by a very competent bevy of chorus ladies, and the combination is one of the best turns of the evening. In such a rarefied atmosphere however, even the brilliant art of Mr. Gwenn does not count for much. It is Miss José Collins's public, and the cheers with which she is greeted after every act seem to indicate that it is for her alone that the audience has its eye and ear.

JINGLE

CLUB MEMBERS

By DELL LEIGH. *Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN*

No. V.—THE EGOIST

THIS club member has only two topics of conversation: Himself, an absorbingly interesting subject, which increases and multiplies under the fruitful vine of armchair discussion until it assumes proportions of an awesome magnitude; or any other business which can be turned deftly into a side channel where he, his deeds and judgment, figure most prominently.

The true egoist is most blatant and boring in a golf clubhouse. We all suffer from him there with reprehensible tolerance. At the golf club, at every golf club that has ever possessed a "19th hole" in any golf-playing country in the world, we submit dumbly and with a miraculous patience to the recital of how and just why he took a cleek and not a spoon on the fairway of the fifteenth, and what happened to his accursed ball thereafter for the next three holes. With the golf egoist I think our mute sufferance is engendered largely by the fact that if we snub him violently and send him sorrowfully away, we shall have nobody for the moment who can share our joy in that amazing recovery with the heavy niblick from an almost unplayable position in the rough on the seventh, the manner and direct result of which doughtiness we are almost bursting to tell *somebody*—as many people as will listen. But the golf egoist has been ruthlessly exposed in these pages once before, and, we hope, being confirmed optimists, that our condemnation of the race had a salutary effect.

There are, however, other forms of egotism which seem to thrive most noxiously in the clubs and places where men are not expected to lift a penetrating voice about themselves—though most of them do. There is, for example, the man with the quiet, steady business of some sort in the city, who becomes smitten with a transitory form of the malady of being weaned away from application to his regular job by the lure of some highly speculative undertaking in the West. He is, we will suppose, talked into investing a couple of hundred pounds in a new revue, now in rehearsal, the talkative pal having invested five hundred in the same project—"an absolute sitter, old boy, finest show that has been put on for the last twenty years. . . ."

This unfortunate ceases to be himself for the next few months. He becomes stage-struck. All his friends, innocent of having done him any injury at any time, become involved in theatrical tittle-tattle of the most confidential, and therefore questionable, nature. He talks gravely and knowingly of "the show." All the members of the cast are referred to by intimate nicknames and abbreviations. Miss Deborah Désirée (second lead, £20 a week) becomes "dear old Debs." Mr. Walter Waggletoe (heading the bill, £85 a week and 10 per cent. of gross takings) is referred to affectionately and terribly frequently as "Wally." The secret doors of theatre politics and poltroonery are thrown open to you. You have got to walk through them. For is not your informant a man who really *does* know something about the inner workings of stageland?

If you are weak-minded, have not met this type of being before, and have an insatiable thirst to hang about draughty stone passages outside the closed dressing-room doors of the famous, you will be "taken behind" one night. This is a great privilege. Not knowing the extent of the speculation, you will imagine that your guide has got at least a sixty per cent. share in the business. Tremendous difficulties of entry will crop up on the night in question, all of which, of course, he will surmount with mysterious winks and nods, and "You leave that to me, ol' man." He, and he alone, is going to get you into the actual presence of the great "Wally." He was going to last night, only Wally "had a headache and wasn't seeing anybody—you don't mind, do you? It will be quite all right to-night. They are going on to a theatrical party—he is afraid he can't ask you to *that*, but you will understand, of course. . . ." In fact, after about a fortnight of this, quite a number of the members of your club become recognised secondhand authorities on the dynamics of the drama. And it is all his fault.

A more insidious and insufferable form of egotism, however, is evinced by the individual who inserts himself into a group round the club fender and bides his time. Somebody has been up to Altcar to see the Waterloo Cup. He becomes at once an authority on greyhounds, their points, peculiarities and price. Nobody present knows anything much about coursing, and so the company listens with some respect, except the man who has been, and is now, missing a golden opportunity of imparting superior knowledge because his voice is not as assertive as the egoist's.

Or he is connected vaguely with the inner ring of the racing world. You believe, although you are not perfectly certain, and he will never volunteer the information, that he is a partner in one of the big commission agents' concerns. It is long *after* the day's racing is over, and the tape machine in the hall has done its worst, that this sphinx-faced worthy strolls into the billiard room. You never see the racing egoist at about ten minutes past one, which is the only time his presence might be of some use to you. It is at about ten past six that he says to you: "Did you do it?" Of course you haven't done it; everything else, but

(Continued on page 570)

Ladies' Day at Olympia

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

The Annual Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association at Olympia included over three thousand entries. It was marked by a pleasant lack of monstrosities in the long-dog department, and a healthy reaction in favour of "all round" breeds in which Afghans and Alsatians took pride of place—and deservedly

A MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT

By A. Wallis Mills

The sad plight of the bachelor who carelessly said that he was thinking of settling down!

not that one. "Ah," he says, "pity! I had three hundred to fifty twice about it—pity." And then he goes on to explain away an "also ran" which he gave you as a "spinner" the other day. Like this: "Of course, it was all *right*, you know, when I told you. My information was from some of the cleverest money in England. We have to know these things in my business, naturally. And then, would you believe it, a pal of mine rang me up just after the two-thirty and said: 'Get off that thing for the last race, Sydney, it's not out a yard to-day. Ferguson (that's the trainer, y'know) has just told me. But if you want to get something back on the day do Cicero, shirt, pyjamas, and socks, old chap. . . .' And so we had two thou. to a monkey about it. And I could have told *you*, that's what hurts so. Only, of course, I couldn't get you at the last moment like that, with all our lines engaged—pity. Never mind: some other day: plenty of time: season's only just begun. . . ."

But your racing egoist, you will find, talks always in the past tense, in a tone of friendly regret at your consistent failures, and with a calm, taken-for-granted voice about his own successes; which must be prodigious, according to his own complacent accounts of them.

Next of Series:

"The Hail-Fellow-Well-Met"

BY JEAN HARDY

THE WALL GAME

The Wall Game may seem fun to you,
But, ladies, chacun à son goût.
*Remember Lacertilia**
May think no pastime sillier.—B. V. W.

* A good word for a cross-word puzzle.—Ed.]

A WATCHFUL EYE MUST BE KEPT FOR INSECTS AND THAT SUPERIOR HABIT of GROWTH

IN
TO
P
BI
OF

GUARD AGAINST EXTREMES of HEAT & COLD

THINGS SHOULD BE FORCED GENTLY

OUR MAY FLOWERS: A FEW NOTES

BY H. H. HARRIS

S ON THE CARE OF YOUNG BUDS!

The Autograph Album

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A SOUPERSCRIPTION

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

THIS theatre season will have to be known as the season of the foreigners, and I shouldn't wonder if the locals do not become cross about it, unless a spoke is put in the wheel of the invaders. Bernard Shaw surprisingly captures Paris with *St. Jeanne* and Clement Vautel, a Belgian, captivates the capital with *Mon Curé chez les riches*. Vautel's *Mon Curé* was conceived in the form of a book, and the stage version was done by those "harrowing" experts of the Grand Guignol, André de Lorde and Pierre Chaine, but as the *curé* was in the book, the success is Vautel's.

THE Belgians are appropriating a lion's share at present for, in addition to this, the greatest comedy triumph of the season, Fanny Heldy, the most popular *étoile* of the Opera, is a Belgian and Mistinguett, the unrivalled *vedette* of the music-halls, is also Belgian. These Belgians have a shrewd way of conquering Paris. They just keep mum while engaged in the climbing process, and the neighbours look upon them as Parisians. Then, when securely perched on top of the ladder, they quietly disclose the hard truth.

"Madelon! Madelon!"

PIQUANTLY enough, Clement Vautel and Mistinguett have seized, and interpret, the spirit of Paris better than 90 per cent. of authentic Parisians. None can compete with Mistinguett in typifying the "faubourg," and Vautel has spent most of this year in telling the over-clever young playwrights that they were all wrong—and why. Of course, they would not condescend to accord heed to the advice, but a comparison with the sad fortnights of their plays and the box-office receipts of *Mon Curé* should move them to deference. A year's run is a very long run for Paris, but the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt is expected to achieve it.

VAUTEL'S *curé* is of the bluff and hearty type. Having acquired a highly-seasoned vocabulary from his trench comrades of the War, along with all available medals and a dog friend that can be trusted more than most human friends, he is not willing to abandon his brusque sincerity at the call of the Pharisees. This "take it or leave it" attitude plunges him into embarrassments, of course, but his sincerity carries him through triumphantly, even in the unfamiliar territory of a *boite de nuit*.

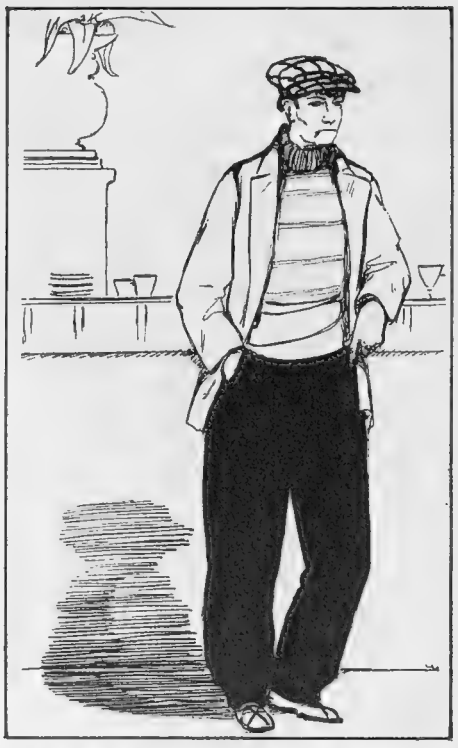
PÈRE PELLEGRIN is invited to the Château of Sableuse, now inhabited by the *nouveaux riches* Cousinet family, and though Cousinet belongs to the jovial, slap-you-on-the-back type of *nouveau riche*, the *curé* has no liking for "le five o'clock" (being *nouveau riche* for afternoon tea); he prefers a drop of "pinard," a good pipe, and letting himself go, to the extent of singing "Madelon," which is rather a long way from a hymn, as may be gathered from the shocked aspect of the *vicaire-général*, the perfect Pharisee. Mlle. Cousinet, however, has won the fatherly affection of the *curé* by a kinship in sincerity, and when he discovers that she wishes to marry the Vicomte de Sableuse, an old comrade of the rough and boisterous days in the trenches, and the former owner of the château, at present amusing himself with the flighty Mme. Cousinet, once well-known at the Casino de Paris, Père Pellegrin decides

"The unfamiliar territory of a *boite de nuit*"

that on his shoulders falls the task of arranging things.

HE succeeds in fixing things up to the preliminary degree of *fiançailles*, and then Mme. Cousinet bolts to Paris with the Vicomte. The *curé* runs them to earth in Montmartre, at the Abbaye de Thélème, which gives all concerned the occasion for the finest scene of the piece. As Madame and the Vicomte have reached the fractious stage, Père Pellegrin has a minimum of trouble with them, but the *bons viveurs* of the Abbaye scent possibilities of a rare amusement in the *curé* and exercise their champagnised wit.

"Madame Cousinet bolts to Paris with the Vicomte"



"With the picturesque appellation of 'Mylord'"

ON Père Pellegrin is imposed the duty of delivering a sermon on the *mauvais riches*, the outcome of which is a scrap and a conducted visit to the police-station. This would have given the *vicaire-général* the opportunity to thrust out the *curé*, but the cardinal-archbishop knows a man when he meets one. There is an obvious peril in staging a *curé* of such robust characteristics, but it was avoided in the casting, and Vilbert, the "roundest" of comedians, is as near the ideal as any author could wish.

THE acting, considered as a whole, compares well with the book and the play, which is as high a compliment as could be asked. *Mon Curé chez les riches* provides the best night's fun that one has been favoured with for quite a while, and Parisians, who have been praying for someone to amuse them, will not be slow to indicate their appreciation.

AFTER Clement Vautel's robust creations, M. Francis Carco's *Paname* at the Théâtre de l'Etoile appears painfully artificial. We have often witnessed the disastrous, if sometimes entertaining efforts of dukes to make duchesses out of milkmaids or similarly unsuitable town material, and M. Carco, accepted authority on the *bas-fonds* of Paris, has merely reversed the subject by setting a wealthy American woman, presented as *intellectuelle* and aristocratic, the problem of forming a gentleman from an Apache. It would be unfair and inaccurate to suggest that Winnie, M. Carco's *Americaine*, is impossible, or even improbable. Anybody who knows Paris is aware that among wealthy *Americaines* are many who make Parisiennes look like little brown mice in perverseness of character.

YET the story seems unreal. The dominating Apache with the picturesque appellation of "Mylord" is the more doubtful element. This surface-brute type of Apache, who is yet so "soulful," so moved by music that charms and soothes the savage breast, that he is drawn back to the *bas-fonds* by "sob-stuff" from an accordion, is largely a stage creation for which M. Carco shares responsibility with Aristide Bruant. Before the War, his existence was dubious. The guide for the famous Grand Dukes' tour of Paris would be hard put to it to locate one now.

AS for M. Crommelynck's *Tripes d'or*, inflicted at the Comédie des Champs Élysées, the only possible sentiment is one of sorrow for the author, who has previously written some excellent plays. It is the nearest thing to the nightmare of a cubist at the height of his delirium, and if it had not been for his former good work M. Crommelynck would almost certainly have been mobbed by a tortured and agonised audience.

ONE imagined at first it was going to be a clever modern version of the story of King Midas, but the author makes everyone go mad over the gold. The principal personage is made to behave like a dog, shuffling about on hands and feet, who swallows some of the gold, after grating it into his soup. Well, the gold could not have been more indigestible for Hormidas than the play was for the audience. M. Crommelynck has a dreadful task on hand to live this down.

RENÉ

MME. ALICE DELYSIA

By J Perés

An impression of an excellent reason why "On With the Dance" at the Pavilion is such a success

Getting Into Good Habits

Binder

MISS NINA PAYNE

From the Hippodrome Theatre, New York, who is expected shortly to appear in London. She has recently been on the Berlin stage

MOTLEY MUSINGS

ALREADY the American invasion has begun; already we can hear in the streets the champing of their jaws. Ah, if only we could find them eschewing gum!

. . . . . .

A CLAIRVOYANTE has been fined in a Midland town. As our wireless expert says, it looks like being a crystal set-back.

. . . . . .

"DID you know, Doris, that Winston was an artist?"

"Well," said Doris, acidly, thinking of those silk stockings, "Peter the Painter wasn't much to boast of, was he?"

. . . . . .

"WHAT is the Labour Party going to do?" asks a contemporary. We suggest they all put their heads together and supply Hyde Park with a crazy pavement.

. . . . . .

FROM a provincial paper: "English architecture is no longer in statue quod." No, but some of our architects ought to be there.

. . . . . .

THE author who invented that phrase about alarums and (cheap) excursions probably lived at Southend.

DOG-GED DOES IT! By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"There y'are. *That's* wot Perce 'll be like when he's grow'd up!"

A READER from the Gold Coast writes: "Why don't you write something about us?" Waiter, bring me my lyre!

Let the banjos strum,
Let the chorus hum,
For I'm going to tip you a stave:
Here's to Traders on the Coast,
Where they sweat and grill and roast,
Where the Black Man's funny and the
White Man's Grave!

. . . . .

WE read that in Texas two wives named Marion and Ruby have been sold by their husbands. Marion fetched 1,000 dollars and the other fifty. It would seem that Marion's price is far above Ruby's.

. . . . .

WE have noticed that many brunettes have already anticipated the return to the gold standard.

. . . . .

THERE is a rumour that at a certain public school a sixth form boy, while doing his fag's Latin prose, was caught smoking by his House Master. Surely he should have taken that fag out earlier.

. . . . .

FROM a schoolboy's essay: "So when the Customs' House man told Nelson that England expected him to pay his duty he turned his deaf ear to his telescope."

THOSE of us who do cross-word puzzles must have been irritated by that constant repetition of "a bird of three letters." We are confident that had the late Queen been alive she would have repeated her famous observation: "We are not Emu-sed."

. . . . . .

ST. GREGORY, when inspecting specimens of Anglo-Saxon beauty, is traditionally reported to have said: "Not Angles, but Angels." If he could see our modern flappers he'd probably say: "All angles and anglers!"

. . . . . .

WE read that in a recent club cricket match a batsman had to retire as he was too inebriated to continue. If his bat had been well oiled, no one would have said anything.

. . . . . .

"THAT umpire is a fraud," remarked the irate bowler; "the whole time I was bowling he never lifted a finger to help me!"

. . . . . .

THIS is an authentic essay:

"The King was displeased with Daniel so he put him in a cage where there were a lot of lions. The next morning the King went to the top of the den and called out, 'Hello, Daniel, what sort of a night have you had?' 'Oh, not so bad, your Majesty,' replied Daniel, 'but do you know that this place is simply infested with lions?' 'Lions?' said the King, pretending to be surprised, 'well, all I can say is you must have brought them with you!'"

. . . . . .

ANSWER to Correspondent: No, Gray was not buried in the Village Hampden.

HARTLEY CARRICK

By EDWIN MORROW

A PLOT ACCORDING TO PLAN

HUSBAND: "But, my dear, you can't have a fountain *and* a tennis court. Besides, I shall want a little golf, and then there are the children to be considered."

The Biters Bit

BY DAVID WILSON

Our impression of Arthur Riscoe and Nellie Wallace giving *their* impression of Jack Buchanan and June. This is not a feature of "Parodies Regained," but one of the numbers in the Palladium revue, "Sky High"

By Royal Command: Some Débutantes of the

MISS ANGELA PAGET

Youngest daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget, and a great-niece, on her mother's side, of the Earl of Winchilsea. She has been studying the sculptor's art in Paris

MISS ESTHER HOME

Daughter of Brigadier-General Archibald Fraser Home, C.B., and Mrs. Home. Her father, who has had a distinguished Army career, retired in 1919

MISS MARY OLIVIA SIDNEY

Daughter of the Hon. William and Mrs. Sidney, of Chislehurst, Kent. Her father is Lord de L'Isle and Dudley's brother, and his heir presumptive. Her mother is related to Lord Kinnaird

MISS MARGERY LAZENBY

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lazenby. Her 'coming out dance is to be held at Claridges on June 11

Some of this Season's *ingênues*—if Miss 1925 can be described by such an incongruous expression—who will make their curtseys

Season Who Will Attend Their Majesties' Courts

MISS LINDISFARNE HAMILTON

Daughter of Sir George and Lady Hamilton, whose 'coming out' dance was held at the Ritz last week. Her father was for ten years Conservative M.P. for Altrincham

MISS JOYCE HANSFORD

Daughter of Captain and Mrs. Benjamin Hansford. Her father is a keen Territorial

MISS PHYLLIS ROBINSON

Daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Bilbe Robinson, K.B.E., and Lady Robinson. Sir Thomas is well known in Queensland

MISS ALCIE CALDER

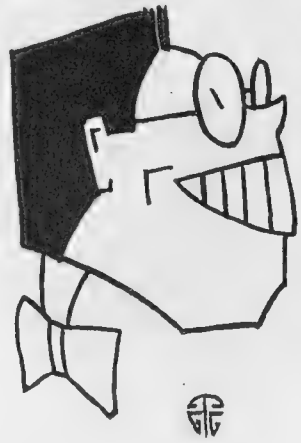
Second daughter of Mr. J. J. Calder, of Ardargie, Perthshire. Her engagement to Captain Gilbert Clifford (8th Hussars) was recently announced

MISS BETTY KENRICK

Daughter of the late Captain H. W. M. Kenrick (11th Hussars) and Mrs. Kenrick. Miss Kenrick is a prominent member of the Westgate branch of the Young Conservatives

Photographs by Vaughan and Freeman, Hay Wrightson, Lenare, and Bassano

to Their Majesties at one of the four Courts which are to be held this week (on May 21 and 22) and on June 25 and 26



YOGO HAMA ON EMPIRE DAY

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

WHEN I unfurled my pen thisly morning to produce you some of my so esteemed commentings, I found myself in 2 minds at 1-ce and the same time concurrently. Shall I depict some very exclusive informations re concerning Hon. Derby equine race for a cup, I imponder, or shall I make commentings on the polo (horse-hocky) season for *ignorami* and other nonsophisticates? How delicious it should be, I chucker, to witness Hon. Editor jumping himself for joy because of my so good certs for the Derby. This should be a very *plus ultra* (Latin for top-hole) scoopings. But, on the reverse hand, suppose the joyish excitements of these certs cause him to suffer a fit on the spot, should not this be very nonfortunate because of them being not able to insignature cheques and suchly emoluments? I continue to thusly pendulate between polo v. against Derby certs, when Hon. lodgings-lady bring me this letter as follows vizly:

"Laid the 1st stone of Hon. British Empire"

"Prof. Y. Hama Esq. Hon. and esteemed Sir:—Kindly to impardon my so non-modest boldness for taking this pen to write you with, but your so celebrated good heart and stupendous intelligents causes me to rashly address you. Very soonly from now we shall have Empire Day, and should it not be an enormous idea for you to depict some authentic informations re concerning same? This should make Hon. BYSTANDER greatly sought for by Oxford, Cambridge and other academic persons who could then teach to their more youthish scholastics the so profound learnings you shall have depicted. Trusting to hope you shall forgive my so pardonless presumings, I remain to be very yours faithfully, Dr. ——— M.V.O.; C.I.D.; R.I.P.; P.T.O.; Cantab, Ox; etc."

"Did not live to achieve a patent"

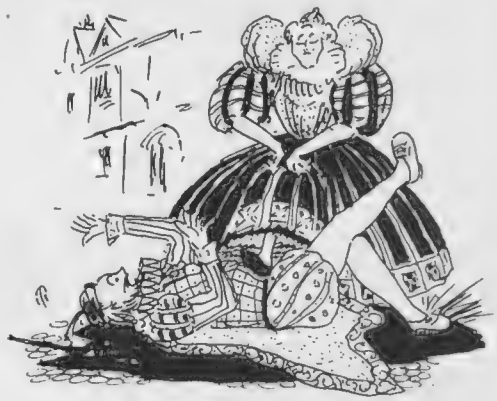
Very needlessly to say, I shall suffer enormous pleasures to briefishly purvey some hithertoly obscure facts and other historical exclusives, which I do not hesitate to doubt shall produce great brain benefits to academics and other education persons.

The 1-st stone of Hon. British Empire was laid by late Hon. Sir Julius Cæsar, Bart, at Hastings in B.C. He then made a very historical speech and uttered the now epochal words *veni, vidi, vici* (Latin for "I have come and now you shall be mulcted"). Saidly Hon. Cæsar invented taxes and other civilization blessings which we enjoy to this day. This so great military suffered a breach of promise with Hon. lady name of Cleopatra, but would not pay her good damages so she poisoned him with an aspedestra and he died in March.

"Shot bows and arrows into enemy persons"

We now come to a more later date. Hon. Sir Edward who was a black prince, was also a very celebrate military and enormously helped to paint the British map red. Grt. Britain was very noted for her archering persons who shot bows and arrows into enemy persons at several yards. They were called long-bowmen because of their so great victory tales which were much non-believed. The long-bow are still used by fishing and other sporting persons who are very experts in this so ancient weapon.

But perhapsly gunpowder enabled to expand Hon. British Empire more speedishly than long or other bows. This so great blessing was invent by a now defunct chemical person who did not live to achieve a patent or other lucrative perks, but joined his Hon. ancestors at very enormous velocity. This caused to be successfully defuncted enemy persons in more bigger quantities at increased speeds and more economical prices than hithertoly. Non-fortunately, numerous enemy persons succeeded to also invent this military powder, which shows them to be very sportless and non-cricket.



"Sat in the puddle on his stomach"

Yet it was a femn, the so late Hon. Sir Queen Elizabeths, who caused to spread Hon. British Empire more powerfully than even gunpowder. Saidly Hon. Majesty—

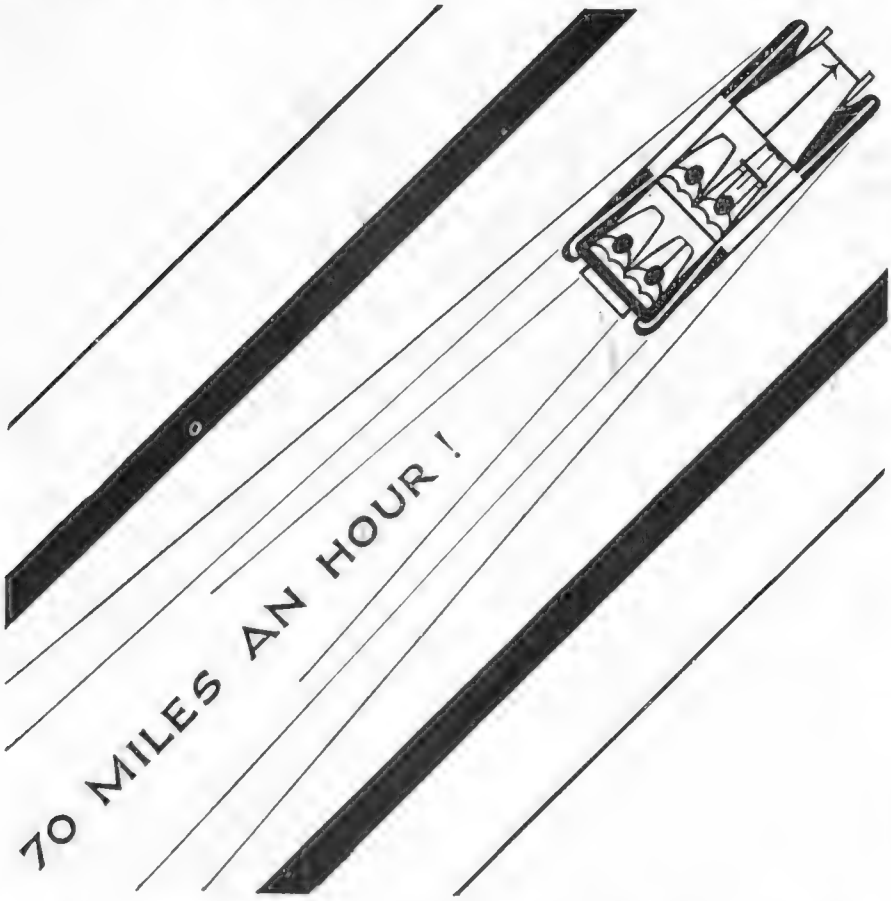
"O blow Hon. Elizabeths and British expansions, Mr. Y. Hama! What Hon. British Empire wants to-day are certs for the Derby, not these so dead as dust

(Continued on page 584)

"Suffered ejectments from Hon. ancestral abodes"

THE FLASHING SPEED OF THE CHRYSLER SIX

Chrysler's Mascot



Like an arrow along the wind—steady, smooth, keen. 70 an hour easily. Motor folk who *know* go wild over this sweet, singing speed of the Chrysler. It's like a live thing to drive. A sportsman's car, truly! But the speed is only one of the differences that Chrysler's different engineering gives. Look the car all over—and drive it!

Reasons for Chrysler's astounding performance

ENGINE. Six cylinders, in block, removable head, 3in. bore, 4¾in. stroke (3293 c.c.), develops 70 h.p. R.A.C. rating 21.6 h.p. Water-cooled—pump and fan. Over 22 miles to the gallon! Large side by side valves; symmetrical combustion chamber minimising carbonisation. Pistons of aluminium alloy; three rings. Camshaft on four bearings, driven by silent chain.

VIBRATIONLESS! The crankshaft is exceptionally big, supported on SEVEN large shimless bearings; perfectly balanced. No whip, no vibration.

LUBRICATION. Oil pump spiral-driven from camshaft, giving positive force feed through drilled crankshaft to all main and connecting rod bearings, camshaft bearings and timing chain. Oil pressure gauge on dash.

TRANSMISSION, through multiple dry disc clutch; adjustable pedal. Gear box in unit with engine; three speeds and reverse. Top ratio 4·3. Semi-floating rear axle, drive through spiral bevel gear and pinion. Timken roller bearings to both axles. Tubular front axle.

SPRINGS. Parallel to wheels, close to hubs, thus eliminating side-sway. Extra large tyres—30×5·77″. Body-room, 8′ 2¾″

BRAKES. Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, self-equalising, operated by foot; also external contracting brake on drum on transmission shaft, operated by hand.

ALL THE FACTS about this amazing car are in the Chrysler Book—yours for the asking.

BROUGHAM	£595
IMPERIAL SALOON	£625
TWO SEATER	£495
CHASSIS	£395
LANDAULETTE	£675
COUPÉ	£575
CROWN IMPERIAL	£655

CHRYSLER SIX

PHÆTON TOURING CAR

£465

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTORS, LTD., 3 MAXWELL WORKS, MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY

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"To introduce trousers and other advanced blessings"

commentings and other extinct facts!" you ejacule Hon. Sir?

This shows you to be very carnal and mundane and should make you to crimsonly blush for fie, Hon. Sir! This are an Empire Day commenting which I have only succeed to produce at enormous expenses.

Saidly Hon. Majesty was a very virgin queen and not like as Cleopatra who lived to be only gay and wicked. I shall now depict you a small story re concerning Hon. Qn. Elizabeths which not ever before has been seen in print, so that it are a very exclusive and historical scooping and extremely copyright. Hon. Majesty was making to visit the emporium sales for lucrative bargains, when she arrived to a puddle which, if she trod in same, would produce her a nose cold. Hon. gent name of Raleigh sat in the puddle on his stomach so that Hon. Elizabeths could step on it and not in the puddle, which she did and thusly escaped achieving a nose cold. This caused her so great joy, she smacked Hon. gent's head with a sword and said "Rise, Sir W. Raleigh." He rised and went away and conquested the U.S.A. of America which he called "Virginia" because of Hon. Qn. Elizabeth's pet name. Also he invented tobacco, potatoes—

"Damn potatoes and stomach puddles, Mr. Y. Hama! Kindly to produce me those Derby certs, otherwisely——"

Kindly to shush! You only depict yourself to be a very couthless and ignoramus person, Hon. Sir.

In modern years numerous peerages have grown to be very impoverish and non-able to requisitely support their

"A very couthless and ignoramus person"

entire offsprings. These suffered ejectments from their Hon. ancestral abodes, which thusly necessitated them to carve out some pieces of Empire for themselves because not any was left for them at home, so that many numerous sq. rods, poles and perches were added to Grt. Britain. This proved to be very good deeds and led to introduce trousers and other advanced blessings to innumerous non-lightened savage persons who had hithertoly lived modestless and non-clothed lives.

"I drink the very good toasts of Empire Day"

But the most stupendous hero of all, with minus which Hon. British Empire would speedishly non-exist, are a very significantless and non-considered person who works himself to bones so as to provide numerous 1/-'s in the £ income taxings. I drink the very good toasts of Empire Day with 3 hip banzais! (Film rights of this so exclusive and specially prepared historical sketching may be purchase at enormous prices.)

Perhapsly I shall next week depict you some very authentic Derby certs from an exclusive feathered sparrow. Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths are in the best of the pink,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

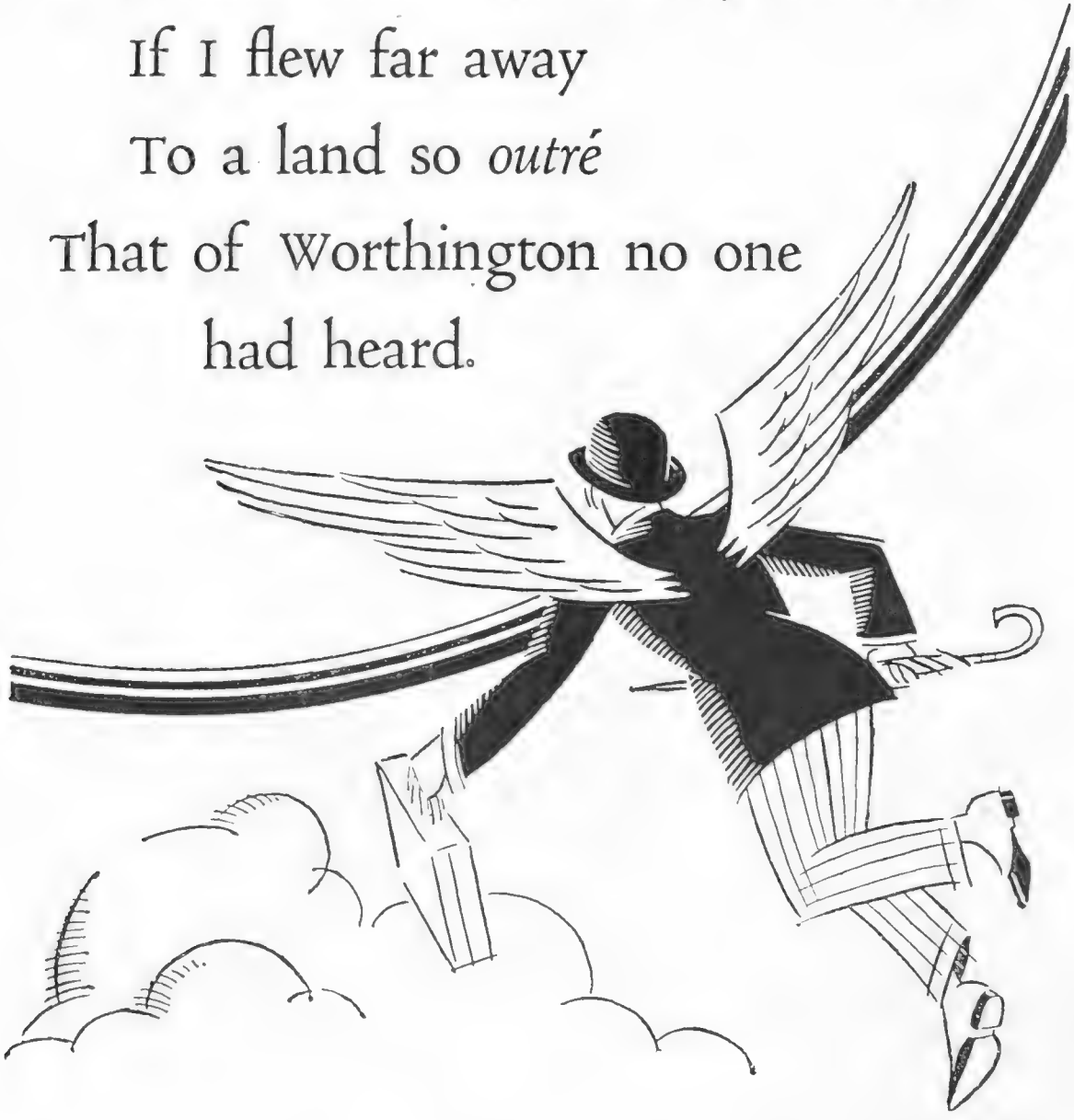
A MUSIC SCORE—WITH A FEW LITTLE GRACE NOTES

Billy Arnold and his band—who need never feel as small as they look—the "big noise" at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées. They are well known to visitors at Deauville and Cannes, where they have helped to supply the sort of notes that need never be lost at the Casinos

Worthington Limericks

No. 4. This Limerick is the result of a persistent endeavour on our part to induce our poet to temper his flights of fancy with something really sensible.

If I had the wings of a bird
I should think myself very absurd
If I flew far away
To a land so *outré*
That of Worthington no one had heard.



By "The Tout"

AN ECHO OF "JUBILEE" DAY

Some of those who were in the limelight on the big day at Kempton Park

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Cross Bow

A NEW aspect was placed upon Derby prospects when Cross Bow proved an easy winner of the Newmarket Stakes last week. It is an extraordinary thing that during the winter everybody connected with this colt hardly dared to hope that he would come to himself in time to make a good show in the Derby. Yet now we find him one of the strongest orders for that race. All of us have been condoling with Alec Taylor upon being temporarily deprived of the public services of Picaroon. I am quite convinced that this colt would have been a very warm favourite for the Derby had he been fit and well to-day. Alec Taylor, however, has renewed his hopes of winning the Derby now that Cross Bow has proved himself to be such a wonderfully improved colt.

Will He Win the Derby?

LORD ASTOR must be wondering whether his notoriously bad luck in the premier race is to come to an end this month. It is certain that his colt has many qualifications for classic distinction. He won his race last week in the style of a very good honest colt, and although he did not beat Zionist any more easily than Manna did in the Two Thousand Guineas, it has to be borne in mind that Cross Bow is still capable of great improvement.

Great Race in Prospect

THIS is going to be one of the most interesting classic races we have seen for many a season. The success of Cross Bow last week does not make the prospects of Manna any the worse, while there is also much to be said in favour of Conquistador, who, on the morning of Cross Bow's victory, acquitted himself very well in a gallop with Highbrow and Sansovino. In addition to the best of the English colts we have to consider the prospects of Ptolemy II. Unfortunately these notes have to go to press before the appearance of that colt in the French Guineas on Sunday. I shall have an opportunity of discussing his form in next week's issue, and I shall defer my Derby selection until that time.

St. Becan's Failure

MEANWHILE what are we to think of St. Becan, who failed so lamentably in the Newmarket Stakes? I must confess that his exhibition makes me wonder whether our three-year-old colts are really very good now that Picaroon cannot be reckoned with. Will Ptolemy II prove himself a Triton amongst the minnows at Epsom? Things certainly appear to be shaping in that direction at the time of writing. The chief meeting of the present week is at York. Several of the Derby colts, such as Solario, St. Becan, and Bucellas, are engaged in the Sledmere Plate on Wednesday, but they are not likely to be sent north, and **Cimmerian** may win for Lord Derby. The same owner has a good chance of taking the Great Northern Handicap with HIGHBROW or MANDELIEU. My selection for the Voltigeur Handicap is **Ceramic**. On the same day the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath may be won by **Sebastian**. A likely winner of the Wiltshire Plate at Salisbury on Thursday is **Chinkapin**, while DAIMYO, or in his absence TUNIS, may win the Salisbury Cup on the following day. A selection for Windsor on Saturday is **Eva's Choice** for the Royal Windsor Handicap.

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Our Army Team

I AM glad to know that the Selection Committee, whose duty it is to find the best team to pit against the American Army side, have already made up their minds upon the most suitable formation. Last week it was announced that our team would consist of Captain R. L. McCreery and his brother Mr. W. S. McCreery, who are both in the 12th Lancers, together with Captain J. P. Dening and Major Vivian Lockett. As spare men for the team Major D. C. Boles and Captain W. De Wend Fenton have been picked. All of us may not agree that the Selection Committee have chosen the strongest possible team of Army players, but it is at least something to the good that they have determined upon the side in good time. This means that the four players will be able to take part regularly in practice games during the ensuing month, and thus perfect themselves as far as time allows in those principles of combination which count for so much in modern polo.

The Attack

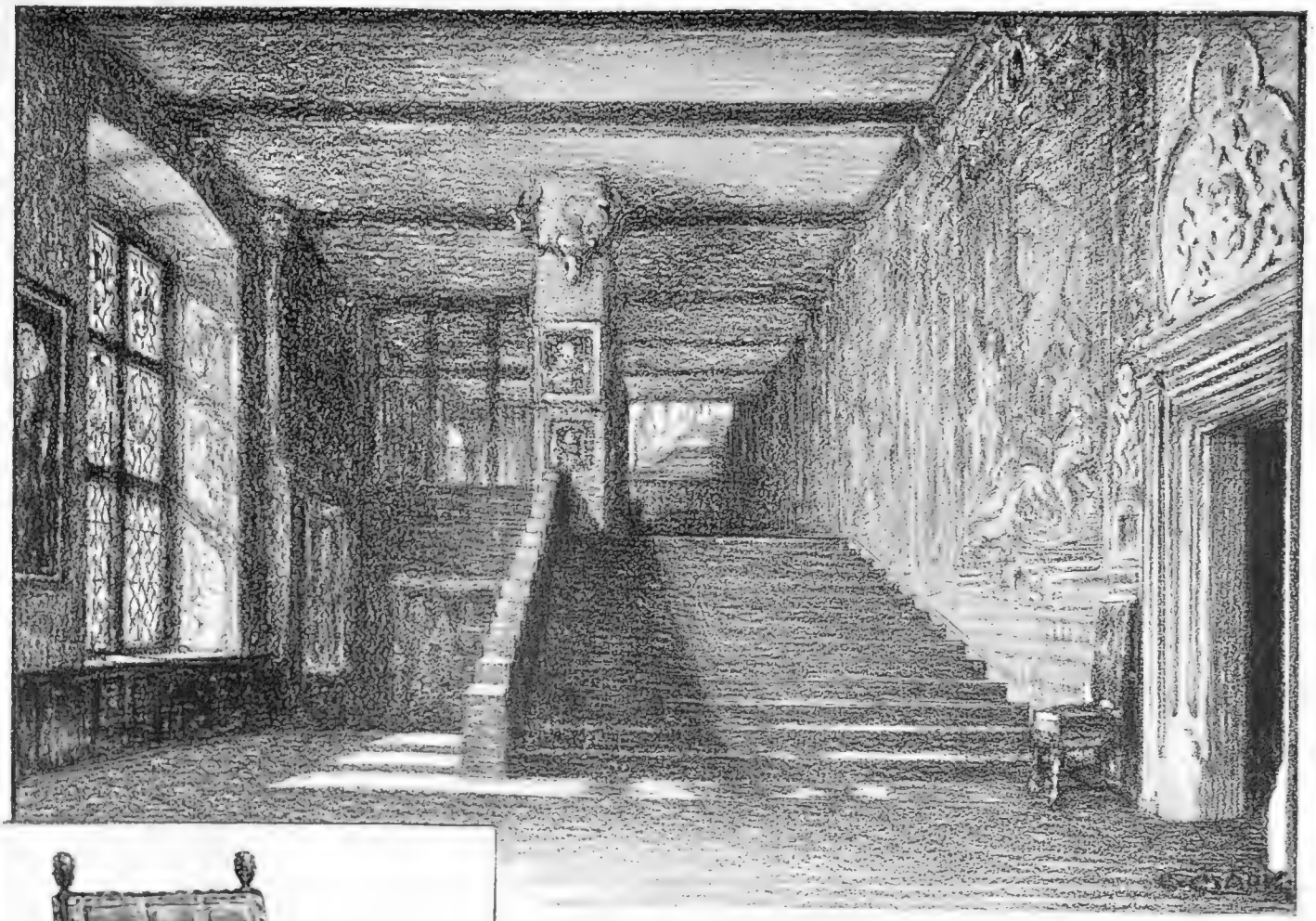
ON the form which was displayed in the trial games at Tidworth, no surprise will have been caused by the selection of Mr. W. S. McCreery, probably one of the most improved Army players in England to-day. On the other hand, it was not generally expected that his brother would be chosen, for there are several No. 1's available, notably Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, who hold a greater reputation in the game. Nevertheless, big reputations do not win international polo matches, and I think most people interested in the game will rejoice that the Selection Committee have broken new ground and torn themselves apart from the conventions of the past. What is more, there is a lot of sound commonsense in their decision to keep the brothers McCreery together in the attack. These players have naturally an intimate knowledge of each other's methods, and though they may not have the individual brilliance or the experience of international polo of such men as Colonel Melvill and Colonel Hurndall, I am sure their combination will prove better than that which could be expected of two players from different regiments.

Plenty of "Pep"

IN addition, the brothers have the advantage of being younger men than the other players I have mentioned. We know that the American soldiers will put any amount of "pep" into their efforts at Hurlingham, and I am hopeful that the English forwards will not be behind them in the matter of dash and energy. The selection of Captain Dening to play at No. 3 is a decidedly interesting experiment. In recent seasons I have often watched this player at Ranelagh, and it has always been my impression that the best had not been seen of him in London polo. He has never been really adequately mounted, but this time he has the advantage of his own ponies, which have been brought from India.

A Brilliant No. 3

WE know that he is one of the leading players of the period in the East, and it is to be hoped that he will maintain his Indian reputation in the coming struggles against the United States Army. If Captain Dening does as well as he is expected to do, he is sure to be ear-marked as a likely candidate for full international honours against America. As I have announced in previous notes, Major Lockett is to captain the team. Although he is no longer in the first flush of youth, he can still go the pace in a hard-fought match, and nobody has a sounder knowledge of the tactics of the game.



Grand Staircase, Hardwick Hall.

An arm chair, period James I. Chairs at this time were scarce, and used only by the master and mistress of the house. Such chairs were very elaborately made and richly decorated. Stools and forms were in general use.

"Hardwick Hall—more glass than wall."

AMONG the many remarkable characters of Elizabethan times one woman stands out in bold relief—the Countess of Shrewsbury, generally known as Bess of Hardwick. Her activities were wide and varied. She was by turns merchant, farmer and moneylender, but posterity knows her best as a builder. Four husbands did this lady have, increasing her fortune by each marriage, and four great mansions at least she built, including Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall.

This penchant for building seems to have been inspired by an old witch's prophecy, to the effect that Mistress Bess would live as long as she kept on building; and, curiously enough, when a severe frost suspended her work she died, though well advanced in age.

Although the ancient manor house of the Hardwicks stood nearby the site, this did not satisfy the Countess, who chose to erect a more pretentious home, in the quasi-Italian style then coming into vogue. The interior is notable for the many lofty and spacious apartments, most of them hung with magnificent tapestry, as also are the wide and imposing stone staircases. Perhaps, however, the most striking feature of Hardwick is the size and number of the great diamond-paned windows, which inspired the old Derbyshire saying that the Hall was "more glass than wall."

Among many new commodities introduced into England about the time Hardwick Hall was built was John Haig Scotch Whisky. For three hundred years the consistent fine quality and maturity of John Haig have maintained it in popular favour and given it that universal reputation it now enjoys.

By Appointment.

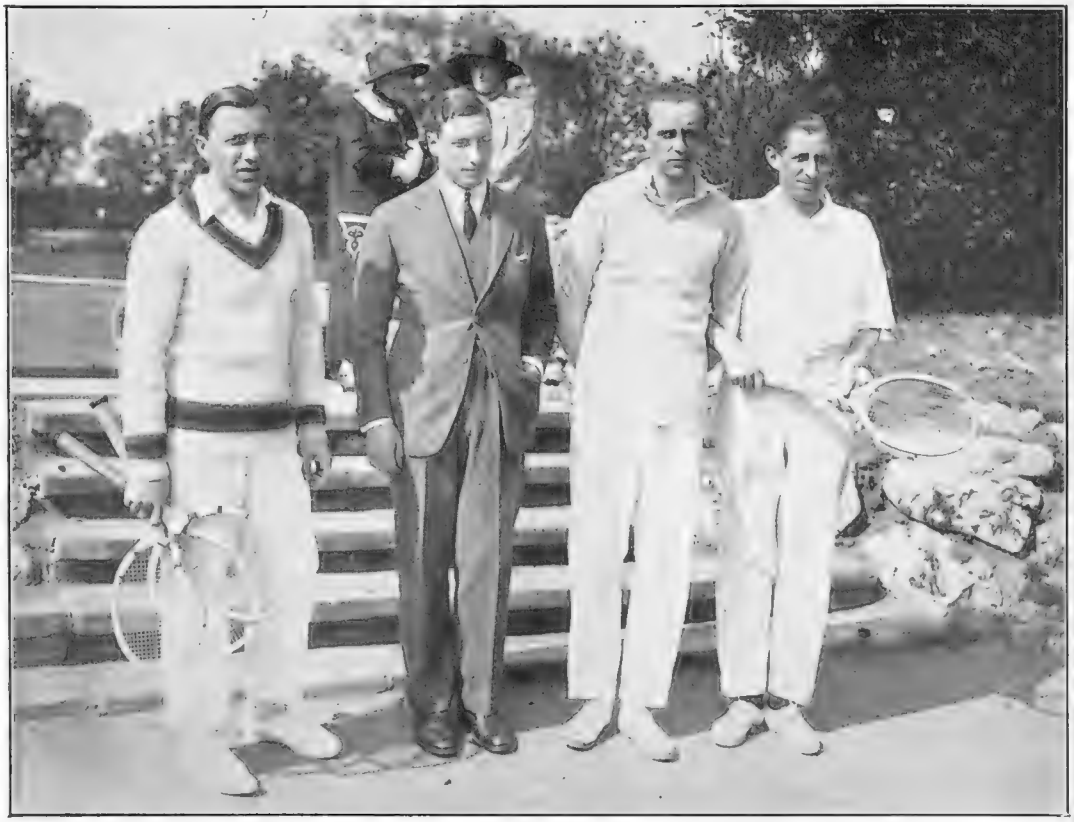
Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

A Mixed Bag

FROM OUR CAMERA'S



DAVIS CUP COMPETITORS *G. P. U.*

The Danish team which took part in the Davis Cup tie between Rumania and Denmark, which was played at Roehampton last week. The photograph shows: (left) E. Ulrich, N. Larsen, E. Worm and P. Henriksen. Denmark won by 4 games to 1

J. C. H. Balmain

THE WINNING SMILE

Mrs. Fisher Rowe snapped on the links at North Berwick, where she won the Scratch Prize at the Spring Meeting. She returned a card of 91

AWAITING THE CALL TO THE COURT *L. N. A.*

Four of the competitors in the American tournament held at the Melbury Lawn Tennis Club last week; in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The group comprises: Miss Diana Hornby (left), the Hon. Marjorie Maxwell, Lady Millicent Taylour and Lady Mary Herbert

MR. A. F. LONG

Who has been elected Captain of the Thames Rowing Club in place of Mr. S. Fairbairn, who has resigned owing to ill-health

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY

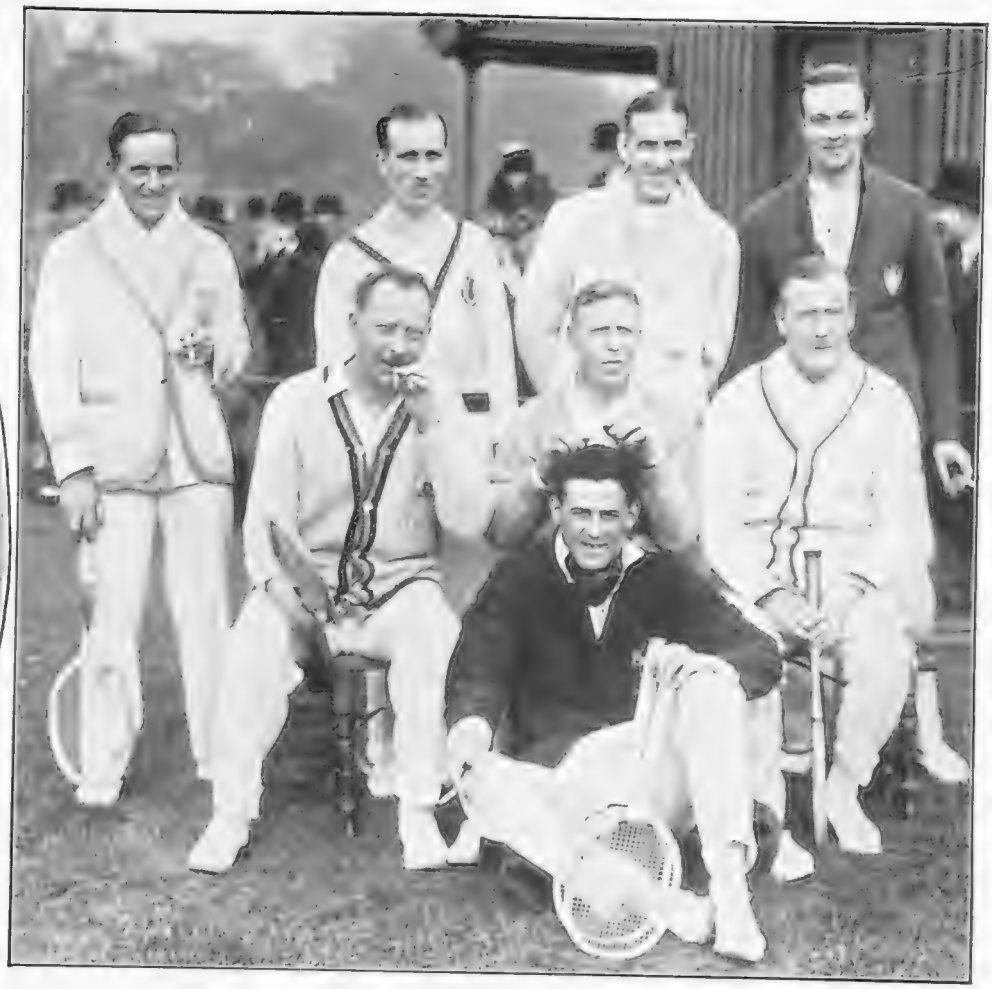
Colonel Taylor and Miss Betty Stead, who won "The Bystander" Cups at the Dinard Golf Club. Dr. and Mrs. Howell, with whom they equalised for first place, were unable to play off the tie

# of Game Victims

SPORTING SHOOT

SIX TO TWO *G. P. U.*

The two Rumanian players, N. Mishu (left) and Dr. Luppu, plus six rackets which figured in the Rumania versus Denmark Davis Cup round at Roehampton recently. Denmark proved the victors by 3 games



A GLASGOW GROUP *Sport and General*

Players in the match at Glasgow between Dulwich and Scottish teams, which was won by the former by five matches to one. The Scottish team (standing) are: D. L. Craig (left), H. E. B. Neilson, A. Fraser and A. Bray. The Dulwich four (seated) are: W. A. Ingram (left), S. N. Doust, A. D. Prebble, and (in front) P. D. B. Spence

A "SMASHING" STROKE *Topical*

Miss M. Cambridge playing in the singles of the Phyllis Court Tennis Tournament at Henley, in which she was beaten by Miss E. M. Beckingham. She is seen finishing a smash from the centre of the court

'WAY UP NORTH *Topical*

The ladies who took part in the match between Dulwich Covered Courts Club and a Scottish team at Glasgow. The photograph shows the Scottish ladies standing: Miss M. Langmuir (left), Miss J. C. Rankine, Miss P. Morton, and Mrs. Keith Buchanan. The English ladies (seated) are: Miss J. Reid Thomas (left), Miss E. Colyer, Miss Betty Nuthall, and Mrs. Craddock

May—And Also Might

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"In suitable company, of course"

LONDON, *May* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

ALMOST, methinks, we have really arrived at the period that can duly and properly and wholeheartedly be christened as May—instead of Might, I mean. So much of this so charming but irresponsible month being, isn't it, usually to be conjugated in such a very distantly and aloofly subjunctive mood?

LOTS of chat there still is, for instance, even in quite fairly up-to-date and educated circles, about not casting a clout till it's out, and all that sort of thing. And could *any* one *possibly* imagine anything much more fundamentally and futilely absurd? Have cast any amount of clouts myself since the arrival (and *long* before departure) of aforesaid month, and not ashamed of it either—nor caught a chill thereover either, which is ever so much more important and to the point, what?

AM all for the Mays myself against the Mights. Persons of the latter persuasion being for instance at this present juncture, not to say always, in a kind of condition of doubtful and trembling hesitation about even such nice and simple things as dwelling (as far as poss.) out of doors in these sunshiny though sometimes slightly shivering days of May—which any weak moment of doubtfulness may at any instant turn into Might.

QUITE half, and even possibly more of the joys of this said mutable moment being simply and merely due just to firmness (or should it be weakness?) of mind. *I.e., ergo,* and that is to say, when the sun shines, it's our positive bounden duty (combined with pleasure) to go and absorb as much thereof for our own personal benefit as can possibly be acquired in a strictly limited space of time.

EVEN merely to sit in the garden when the spring (with a bit of summer in it) sun shines, is a positive rapture and delight. You get behind the hedges or trees, if any, in a nice little sheltered spot, and there (in suitable company, of course) you just sit and bask and bask and bask. Lovely place by that old bay tree, there is, *par exemple,* where there's a regular sun-trap, and we can sit and dream, protected from all the horrid winds, and look up at the blue blue sky and the white white clouds that gently, slowly, float across it, all for our entertainment, of course.

DREAMS . . . such as London, the real London, never knows. Such a practical place it is, this city with its streets paved, according to ancient tradition, with gold. Poor old London. . . It has its dreams, I suppose, but it never seems to wake up and enjoy them. The loveliest restaurants and clubs and places it's got, like, for instance, the quite new Kit-Cat Club in the Haymarket that was opened only last week. Where the new Vincent Lopez band plays, and they give you the delightfullest dinner, including *poussin* of the best, and *délices de sole* that are really delicious. And Mr. Soso, late of Ciro's, is in command, and carries it all on according to the very best of traditions. But all the same . . . now that May is here. . .

"At the Caledonian Ball"

YES, when the white May moon shines on the black May night, as Mr. Arkell (or Miss José Collins) remarks in *Frasquita,* one somehow does seem to start dreaming a bit. And only too thankful, methinks, if the dreams are the sort we just happened to have met in *Beggar on Horseback,* the new play at the Queen's. Wherein a perfectly delightful hero, A. E. Matthews by name (just back from America) who's a sort of composer, has a fearful affair with a rich American lady that leads him into all sorts of troubles, but eventually he's rescued safe and sound. Or Miss Sybil Thorndike's queer "other self" (no one being quite certain if it's a dream or a sort of astral plane phenomenon) in that strangely uneven play, *The Round Table,* at Wyndhams. Or "Rev. Davidson's" repressed dreams, that'll set all the amateur psycho-analysts busy again, in Mr. Somerset Maughan's (and others') *Rain* at the Garrick.

"Exhorting us to drink up"

THESE dreams, how terrifying in a way, and yet how fascinating (some of them!) if only because of turning that timid Might into the bold and bright and ever-permissive May. If only we could be as bright and bold always as we are in our dreams—what? And yet, come to think of it, I suppose wouldn't go off, perhaps, quite so well

(*Continued on page 592*)

HAMPTONS 6-roomed SPECIMEN HOUSE

Furnished throughout for £220 has just been entirely redecorated and refurnished

All the Wallpapers, Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, etc., have been selected from Hamptons' latest productions. *People who want to furnish in the best taste at the least outlay, will find that these new Specimen Rooms exemplify just what they need, and that every article is unquestionably the best value to be obtained anywhere.*

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One Brass Rod and Fittings		8	0
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THE BEST BEDROOM of HAMPTONS' NEW 6-ROOMED SPECIMEN HOUSE furnished throughout for £53 4 9 (See details herewith).

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Sporting Lore

LONDON. SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1830.

JOHN DAY AND THE YOKEL.

Years ago, when New Forest pony racing rivalled Epsom, John Day, a then famous trainer, expected his far-famed Danebury pony to sweep the board at the next meeting.

En route to the course a loutish looking fellow, disguised in a butcher's apron, alighted from his ramshackle cart, addressing John thus: "Ax pardon, sir, I hope you won't take it amiss if I crave to run my pony again yourn." John Day, vastly amused and somewhat incensed, thought to nonplus the fellow by demanding a stake of £10. Much to his astonishment the £10 was forthcoming, and it was only after the famous Danebury had been beaten by twenty lengths that John discovered his adversary to be a first-class jockey, and the pony the famous "Gulliver," one of the swiftest in the country.

A single trial develops an enduring preference for "Red Tape" Whisky over all other whiskies. The longer you know "Red Tape" quality the more you realise how much better it is than you ever anticipated—better even than your favourite, which you will cause it to replace.

"Red Tape" REG? The Whisky

Very old, and perfectly blended

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from
The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd.,
12/20, Osborn St., E.1
and at all their branches.

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., LTD.,
68, Bath Street, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

in real life as up there, if we always also happened to be going around in dressing-gowns or nighties, or even less, as seems to be more or less the Dreamland *régime*.

THOSE Mays and Mights—to go to Wembley, yes, that's a May with a capital M, isn't it, for all of us, even the purest of curates and most virtuous of visitors from the chaste countryside. Not even the most determinedly pious of our pastors and masters seem to have discovered so far any sort of sin about *that*—though, mark my words, they *will*.

HOW delightful, though, they would be, those May days, if we were only permitted to have them amongst us right here and now. To have that official "may" affixed, for instance, to such a lot of little tiny things that don't matter in the least, only it seems to please the authorities just to try to annoy us. Like in those silly restaurant rules, *par exemple*, when about midnight or so waiters come along busily exhorting us, and partners, to "drink up," because no one's officially supposed to be thirsty after that time, even if they're allowed to dance till two or three or four or more.

WHICH brought to my mind the other night, I must confess, a most horribly unpatriotic thought. Oh! to be in Italy, now that May is here. . . . Italy first of all, but as next best possibly also our neighbour, France. Where at least, even if the sun shines no more prodigally than on us, you can sit out of doors when it does to have your sandwich or your *apéritif*, and discuss the world while the world passes by in front of you on the *trottoir*. No "drinking up" there! Never mind. We are, whatever our faults, the best nation yet, aren't we? Even if one or two of the others have had the audacity to pinch one or two of our championships lately.

"Polo's going strong"

POLO'S going strong at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton with our visitors from India and the U.S.A. busily getting into trim for the coming big fixtures next month. At Roehampton, by the way, dancing also busily proceeds every Saturday night of these May days, when, as the poet remarks and exhorts—

> Maidens, dance the while ye may,
> Time enough for care and fret
> When the May-time sun is set.

Not much care-and-fretting in progress just at the present moment, methinks, and, oh! lovely thought, there's a perfectly good Caledonian Ball on at the Cecil next Monday as ever is, when all the men wear kilts, and all the maidens . . . . well, just the nearest thing they can get to it.

With love, yours ever,

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PIPES WITH A PEDIGREE

NO man who smoked a pipe was ever wholly bad; your complete villain finds something too honest for his liking in a pipe. The better the tobacco, the more improving is the habit to mind and character. Three Nuns, for example, because it is blended only of the highest grades of leaf, slowly brought to maturity, creates a fragrant atmosphere in which mean thoughts cannot live. And because of its curious cut this good tobacco is cool in the smoking, slow in the burning, and altogether free from dust.

In Packets: 1 oz. 1/3½ 2 oz. 2/4
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King's Head is similar but a little fuller

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the years have no effect on them: their pristine beauty, natural sheen and elusive colouring remain to charm the wearer, as they did on the day they were purchased. They possess the same lasting qualities as real pearls and are backed by our perpetual guarantee, which is a distinguishing feature of our business methods. We are pledged to give you satisfaction—always.

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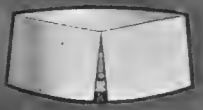
COLLARS

1645

AT this period they were not starched but formed mostly of lace, which fell upon the shoulders.

44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1925

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Every shape is designed to harmonise with the slope of the shirt band and so *fit snugly*.

The Double Shapes have a natural Tie Groove which allows the Tie to slide freely.

10½d. each. Six for 5/-

You are invited to go into any of Meakers 25 London shops and try on as many "Kingdum" shapes as you wish.

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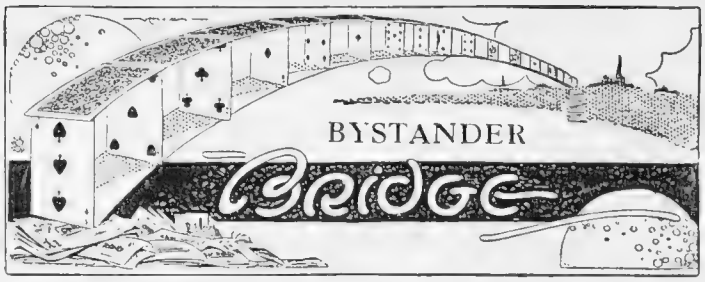


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

UPS AND DOWNS AT BRIDGE

I know a few, a very few, players who assert that they *always* win at Bridge, and I know a fair number who state that they *always* lose.

Neither of these statements is to be taken too literally. No one *always* wins and no one *always* loses every rubber at every sitting. But there may exist players who get more than their fair share of good and bad luck at cards. This, I am aware, can be demonstrated to be unsound in theory. Cards, we are told, must average themselves out. Yes, granted; but is there any period or time limit to be set within which the cards must average themselves out? I see no reason why a player should not go on holding bad cards all his lifetime. You may say that had he lived a little longer the average would have been established. But can you prove it?

. . . . . .

Auction Bridge is very like life. There are some people who have or appear to have (one is never quite sure on this point) more than their average share of good and bad luck. Bridge crimes are not always punished, and the wicked sometimes flourish like a green bay tree.

We all know poor players who seem to succeed undeservedly because they invariably hold good cards, and conversely we meet good players who seem to be very bad card holders The truth about the matter never will be settled satisfactorily. But, in the face of authority, I am inclined to believe that good and bad card holders do exist, although, of course, they are in the minority. On this subject I was interested to read Miss Florence Irwin, who writes "Luck is a subject I often discuss, and on which I hold very pronounced views. I hold it to be as real and actual as the nose on one's face. Average card holders never admit this simply because they are average; also to be average they must be in the majority. But the very good holders and the very bad know it to be true. Why should luck "even up"? Nothing else in life does—health, nor charm, nor wealth, nor opportunity, nor beauty, nor happiness. It would be much more remarkable if card-luck (alone of all earthly things) were evenly divided than that some persons should hold well and others badly. I get a little sick of luck; it is so unfair."

. . . . . .

The ups and downs of Bridge are somewhat remarkable. The occasions when, after a long sitting, one comes out practically all square are very few and far between. We have our good days and our bad days. It is sometimes said that cards never forgive. That is not my experience. On the good days when luck is "in" a player may make mistake after mistake and everything turns out well. In fact it is not infrequent to see players actually doing better out of their mistakes than if they had not made them. Recently I saw a poor performer who twice had the rubber in his grasp. He made his contract each time, but failed to make game when he could. In ordinary justice he ought to have lost the rubber. But he didn't. He won it, and won a much bigger one than if he had gone game when he might. But take those days when nothing can go right. You may bid as well and play as steadily as you like, but through some apparently diabolical combination of the cards everything goes wrong. With many of us luck runs in cycles. It is not a matter of a day but of weeks, perhaps months. "Always be prepared for a long bad run. It is sure to come sooner or later," said an experienced player to a novice. "You can't dodge it."

That is why it is so necessary if you are playing Bridge for considerable points, unless you are a capitalist, to have a reserve fund. You must not treat your winnings as winnings and spend them. You must keep a percentage of them for the inevitable rainy days. Failure to realise this has been the cause of many young men's undoing. The long bad run at Bridge like the long bad run at roulette or trente-et-quarante has broken many. How many demobbed officers has one seen after the War who dissipated their savings and gratuities by playing far too high points?

At various clubs I have noticed men playing higher than they can afford. Few of them survive after a few years, although there are one or two here and there who are reported to make steady incomes at Bridge.

. . . . . .

About high play a great deal of nonsense is talked. The truth is that so far as Clubland is concerned high gaming is dead. Every Club regulates the points at which it is permissible to play cards, and if the members exceed those points it is done *sub rosa*. And it seldom amounts to anything serious. Even at illicit night clubs where baccarat and chemin de fer are played the stakes are seldom very high.

Occasionally one reads of men whose losses at Bridge are mentioned as a contributory cause of bankruptcy. But, as a rule, people gamble within their means. The race of great gamblers is extinct, and the highest play that takes place nowadays is a mere flea bite compared with what happened in the past when fortunes and family estates were won and lost in an hour or two on the hazard of the dice or on the turn of a card.

. . . . . .

During the first two seasons at Crockford's over £300,000 is said to have changed hands. Some notion of the extent of the play can be formed from the fact that the expenditure on the dice used for gaming alone amounted to £2,000 per annum. Lord Rivers lost at Crockford's £23,000 in a single sitting.

The mid and late eighteenth century was the period of the big gamblers. Almack's Club, the original Brook's, was one of the great gaming clubs. "The gaming at Almack's," wrote Walpole in 1770, "which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our Empire . . . The young men lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there."

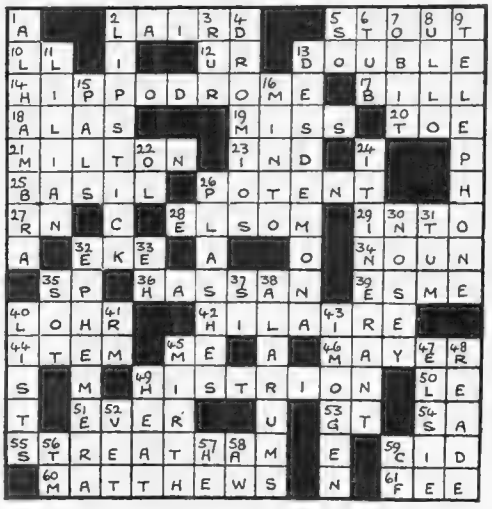
In the old club records is a note that a certain "Mr. Thynne, having won only 12,000 guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust March 21st, 1772."

Gamblers in those days were giants in their way. Among the great figures were George Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, and Stephen and Charles Fox.

. . . . .

Considering how widely Bridge is played there are very few card scandals. The fact is that Bridge is not really a gambler's game. It is not quick enough in its results. The real gambler, itching to get on with it, cannot wait for the duration of a rubber. He prefers Poker. The desperate plungers are usually those who are at the end of their financial tether or have nothing to lose.

The big gamblers of to-day are mostly poor men trying to augment an insufficient income, or those who are always ready to take something to nothing and don't intend to pay when they lose.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 13.

Above is the correct solution of the thirteenth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of May 6. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first three correct answers opened), are given below:—

Mrs. Helsham-Yeo, Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny Ireland.
Miss M. Modlin, 148, Roker Avenue, Sunderland.
E. Cecil Drayson, 49, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

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"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

"BLACK & WHITE" has a world-wide reputation based on unvarying high quality.

Boiling water cannot crack it—
Ordinary falls will not break it

Steelson Glass, the latest discovery of Science, is now made available for use in vacuum flasks

THE Steelson process toughens glass. Steelson Glass will not crack when brought into sudden contact with boiling water. For this reason scientists used it in test tubes for their laboratory experiments. Then, through an accident, another quality came to light. It was found that Steelson Glass does not break as the result of ordinary falls. When these two qualities —resistance to heat and resistance to shock— were demonstrated, the value of Steelson Glass for vacuum flasks was immediately recognised. Now the whole production (apart from laboratory requirements) goes into the ISOVAC Vacuum Flask. Whereas the slightest accident puts the ordinary flask out of service, an ISOVAC is hardy enough to take its place and serve you without special carefulness of any kind. You **can** break an ISOVAC, but there is no reason why you should. Boiling water will not do it, nor will an ordinary fall. Another quality of Steelson Glass — its crystal-hard, smooth surface—makes it easy to clean an ISOVAC, as you can very quickly rinse it out with scalding water. As the number of ISOVACS is limited to the supply of Steelson Glass, the output does not quite meet the demand. You should not, however, experience any difficulty in obtaining an ISOVAC for your personal use, as most of the leading stores, ironmongers, and chemists throughout the country now have supplies.

Special ISOVAC refills to fit any ordinary vacuum flask. Reputed pint size.

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Trade inquiries or name of nearest dealer from L. Rees & Co., 12 New Union Street, London, E.C.

ISOVAC Flask reputed pint size. No. 810. Green and aluminium finish. Popular model. 9¾ inches high and 3 inches diameter.

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No. 1010. Pint size, 10¼ inches high and 3¼ inches diameter. Green and aluminium finish

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2-pint size. No 1030. Green and aluminium finish. 14 inches high and 3¾ inches diameter.

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ISOVAC Food Carrier No. 1280. A big brother of the ISOVAC Flask. Large diameter with specially wide mouth. Ideal container for ice cream, butter, etc., 1½ pint. 10 inches high and 4 inches diameter.

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Other models, **10/6, 16/6,** *and* **22/6.**

FEMINA

OUT OF GENESIS

By "CANDIDA"

"IT is not good for man to live alone," so we are told in the Bible, and man, poor dear, rushes to the obvious conclusion. To take things literally is the way of least resistance; can one blame him for following it? All the same it isn't done any more in those circles where the higher, or anyway the later, criticism is busy putting unfamiliar constructions unto the old, familiar facts. You can hardly live without it and keep your self-respect; not, that is, if there are any brains in the family. "Lift the stone and thou shalt find me, split the hair and there am I," is a sound description of its mental processes.

QUITE a mouthful, isn't it, to talk of mental processes when it would be so nice and safe to take things at their surface value without taxing one's brain cells. As it is not good for man to live alone, therefore he takes unto himself, or herself, a wife or a husband, children, a house or sometimes two, servants, cares, duties, social pleasures, so-called, etc., etc. For it's an amusing paradox that however fond he may be of himself he can't stand his own undiluted society for any length of time. One of the penalties, I suppose, for believing that he wasn't created for the solitary stunt, and the more crowded he can make life, the more is it supposed to be worth living.

WHEN it was decided aloft that man wasn't meant to live alone, the supply of companions was immediately forthcoming, as is the way in a world still young enough to be perfect. And as it was in the beginning, so it is now. There's no need to go collecting a company of people to cheer one's loneliness. A much neater, completer way was invented for Adam and Eve's benefit. Beneath their outer (*our* outer) self, which we fondly imagine is just the one ego it appears to be, there are lots of possible people. As to how many exactly, opinions vary. I've been reading a Russian philosopher, who's so depressing that you have to skip him judiciously to keep going at all, and he's of the opinion that we harbour six

ON TOUR

Miss Cécile Home-Douglas, who is shortly to tour South Africa with Capt. Clive M illusionist. This is the first time that any member of the famous Maskelyne professionally overseas

so to speak, when I came sang with the voice of angels to an enraptured audience. The pity of it is that one wakes up so soon, nearly always before the applause which it would be so nice to hear.

THEATRICAL TOUCH

ıtala)," one of the exhibits in this year's vas drawn by Charles Ricketts, A.R.A.

Artist, or Owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., "Royal Academy Illustrated")

I'VE dreamt . . . but who hasn't? The penalty of mixing mortal clay, I suppose? To help those whose imagination isn't lively they've invented the theatre, the cinema and the novel. We think that we enjoy them for their own sakes in a polite, detached sort of manner. Not a bit of it. We like them because they're so much excuse for one of those slumbering selves to take its fling and "strut its hour," etc. Without that relaxation we and it would die of sheer inanition.

ONE quality the might-have-beens all have in common. They're always a brilliant success, strutting their hour full in the limelight of public appreciation. Therefore, I can't imagine what happens to the off-moments of the really brilliant successes of this world? Have they no disturbing other selves? Perhaps they were created "all of one piece," and their tremendous single mindedness, their stupendous concentration explains their success? Immortal clay is theirs, not mortal. Perhaps they've no off-moments. Unfortunate people; I'm glad the Creator is sparing with them. I'd rather be a host in myself. CANDIDA

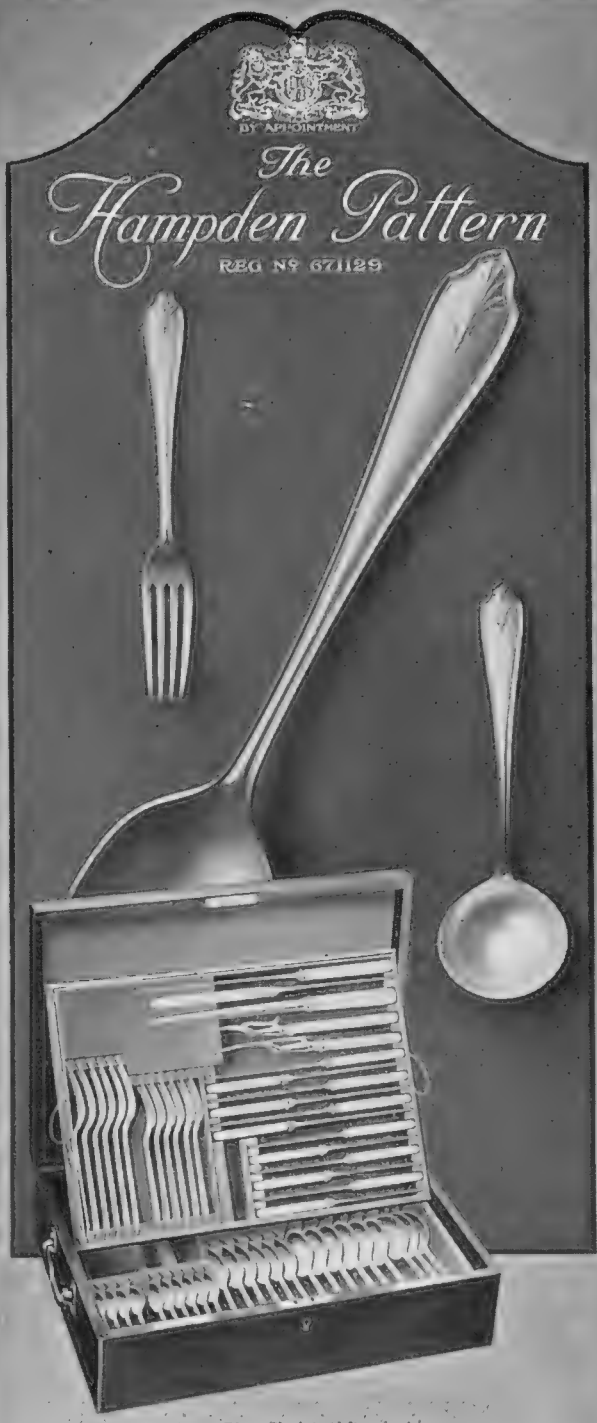
d where
d—Bottled
e Blended
3/6
bottle

BY APPOINTMENT

Though so necessary, the salt you eat at meals costs the least of anything on the table—so why not have the best.—

Cerebos
SALT

CS10



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6 Dessert Forks	1 Soup Ladle	6 Cheese Knives
3 Table Spoons	1 Sauce Ladle	1 Pair Meat Carvers
6 Soup Spoons	4 Egg Spoons	1 Pair Game Carvers
6 Dessert Spoons	1 Pair Sugar Tongs	1 Steel

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See that the hat you wear be worthy of its proud position; so suitable in style as to dispel any doubt that it belongs there; so comfortable, too, that you shall be at ease. Close at hand there is a shop where you can buy a hat thus worthy—a 'Lincoln Bennett.'

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for the most part, but extra fine qualities at 37/6 and 45/- are also in considerable demand.

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In these exquisite toilet preparations Spanish chivalry pays the highest possible homage to English Beauty.

Gal Perfume brings the fragrance of the sunny South to complexions kept delightfully velvety by the regular use of Gal Soap and Toilet powder, and together they impart unrivalled charm to delicate skins.

These three, and others of the famous Gal series are now, for the first time, procurable in this country.

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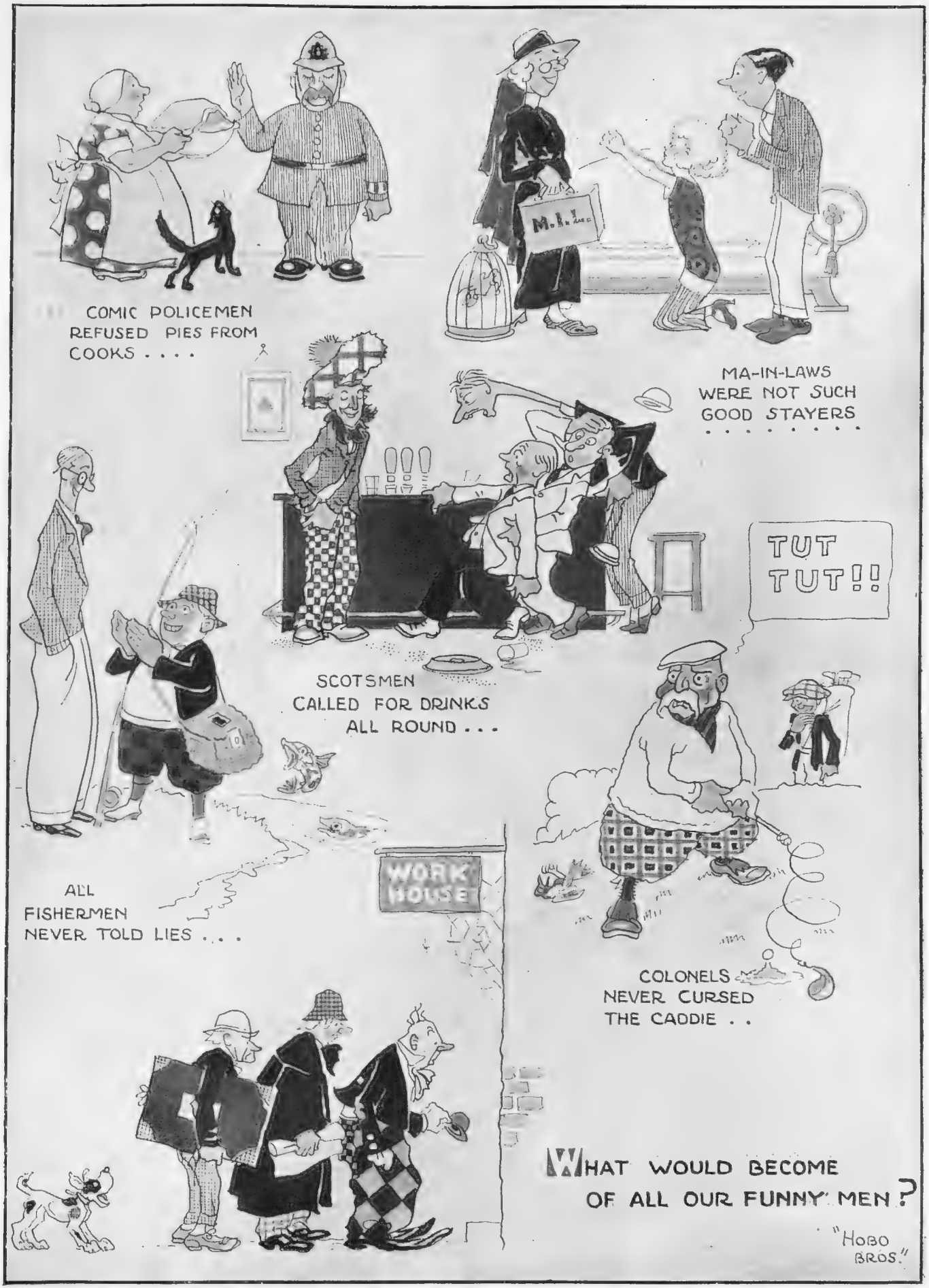
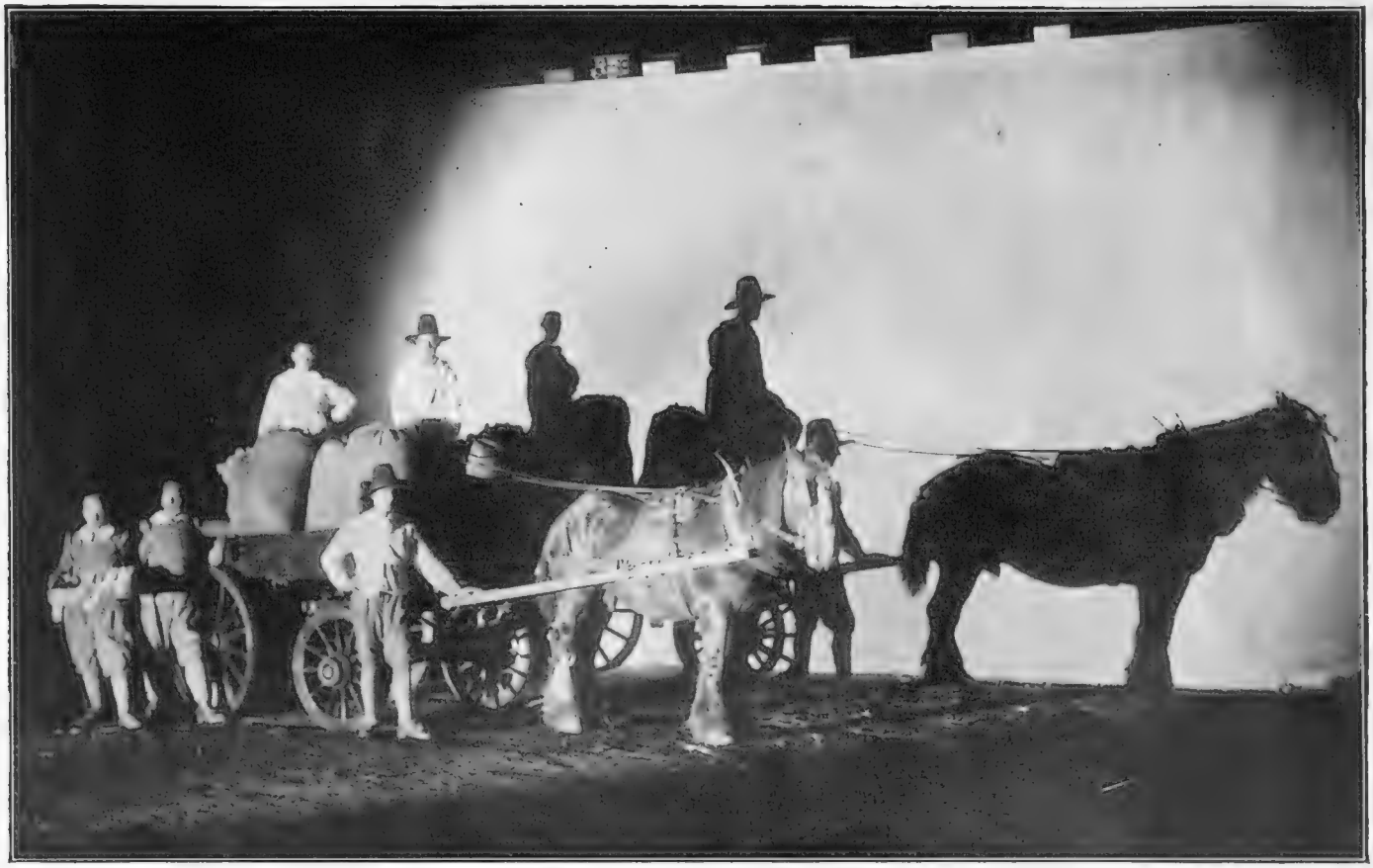
"Jardines de España" Toilet Soap, delicate and distinctive in perfume, incorporates the finest edible Spanish Olive Oil, than which nothing better has ever been discovered for cleansing the skin, and preserving the charm and purity of the complexion. Per tablet 1/3.

IF——



BY "HOBO BROS"

OUR OWN "PROBLEM" PICTURE FOR THE SOLUTION OF WHICH NO PRIZES ARE OFFERED



THE "SHADOW" OF OLD LONDON

Central Press

Apart from the searchlights which throw various coloured beams on to the arena at the Wembley Stadium during the great spectacle, "London Defended," smaller searchlights are projected from the ground at different angles. These give a shadowgraph effect which is most effective, as shown in the above photograph of "The Miller and his Horses"

The New Studebaker "Standard-Six" Coach Built Saloon, £520

See the Studebaker first!

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"STANDARD-SIX" Touring Saloon -	£395
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See the Studebaker—investigation may save you hundreds of pounds.

An engine silky at 4 m.p.h., vibrationless at high speed, so flexible in its power that you can forget you have a gear box. Coachwork of splendid appearance. Upholstery of armchair ease. And, above all, the wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes which make skidding impossible.

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The New

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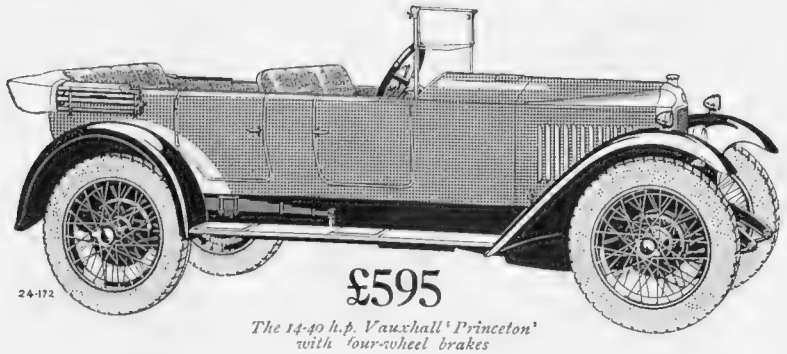
WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

14-40 VAUXHALL



£595

The 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall 'Princeton' with four-wheel brakes

IT costs now only £595 to buy a 'Princeton' five-seater with four-wheel brakes and balloon-tyred wheels.

This is an infinitely better car in every way than last season's: superior in size, stability, engine refinement and braking. Its power, its roominess, and the way it rides leaves little to choose between it and a quite big car, except, of course, the essential difference of the big-car manner.

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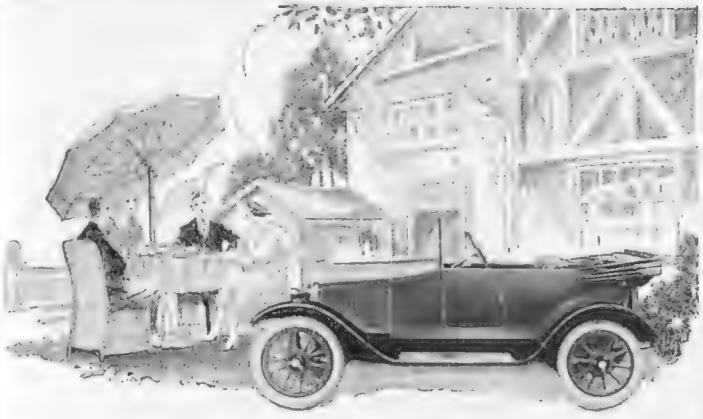
VAUXHALL CARS

A POINT to remember is the high value given before in Vauxhall cars.

Under the encouragement of the Budget proposals Vauxhall prices are reduced, as announced on May 7, in accord with the Company's policy of building cars of superfine engineering quality, priced with moderation.

Three models, 14-40 h.p. from £595; 23-60 h.p. from £895; 30-98 h.p. from £1150. The fullest information and a trial drive wherever we have an agent are at your disposal. Will you let us have your enquiry to-day?

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT



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THE 8/18 h.p. Humber is admittedly a leader in the Light Car class. It is a high-powered Humber Touring Car in miniature with all the essential qualifications demanded by the owner-driver for touring purposes. Its road-worthiness is surprising. Well might even experienced motorists seek information about the wonderfully efficient engine under the bonnet. It is hard to believe that it is not higher than 8/18 h.p.

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A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

WHAT, I wonder, does the man in the street really know about the work that goes on in the great Government Offices? There used to be jokes about the "hours" at the Foreign Office, and during the War the "temporary" young ladies and their teapots came in for considerable attention. But, to be serious, what does the average citizen know about the machinery of a great Department? Very little indeed, I should imagine. Yet in actual fact this machinery is extraordinarily interesting.

❀

FOR this reason there should be a warm welcome to the new Whitehall Series of books, each of which is to deal with a particular Government Office. The first of these is now ready, and it may be said of Sir Edward Troup's *The Home Office* (Putnam: 5*s*. net) that it is as entertaining as any novel. The functions of the Home Office are extensive and sometimes peculiar, and the Home Secretary has other things to do besides advising the King in matters touching the Royal prerogative of mercy. His department has duties to perform of the most varied kinds: the King's Peace, undesirable aliens, vivisection, drugs, explosives, prisons, elections, and a hundred other matters all come to the Home Office to be dealt with. It only remains to add that Sir Edward Troup, who was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for fourteen years, has made his book as clear and concise as it could be, and not a line of it hints that it should be bound in that sinister blue of officialdom.

❀

THE earlier chapters of Lady Oxford's new book, *Places and Persons* (Butterworth: 21*s*. net), are hardly so interesting as those that follow, but even in her contemporary description of a visit to Egypt more than thirty years ago she shows those literary qualities which have caused people to read and discuss her books, whether they like or no. And it is safe to say that nobody but she could have written the account of her recent American experiences. That much-advertised lecturing tour was at times in serious jeopardy, and most other writers, I fancy, would have slurred over the more awkward moments. Not so the courageous Margot, whose frankness is surprisingly fresh. She sets down exactly what did happen, and slurs over nothing. The book is a further revelation of a piquant personality.

❀

IT is a little difficult to know what to say of Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein's first novel, *Grobo* (Cecil Palmer: 7*s*. 6*d*. net). It is all very mad, very witty in parts, sometimes annoying because too reminiscent of other writers, but wholly unlike the ordinary first attempt at fiction. For myself I read every word, and obtained considerable enjoyment, though I confess that one question remained at the back of my mind all the time: What is all this business about a Spanish boy brought to England and sent to Harrow and Oxford leading up to? As a matter of fact, I cannot see that it leads up to anything at all. It may be, of course, that the author never meant it to do so, but I feel that he ought to have picked up his picaresque threads somewhere or other and woven them into a rather more compact whole than *Grobo* can pretend to be. But if you want to be amused and piqued and made angry and amused again and intrigued and, perhaps, even shocked, and if you are not too set upon having a story with a clearly-defined plot, I imagine that *Grobo* may be not a little to your liking.

❀

MAKE your name as a writer of sea-stories and you are expected to write sea-stories to the end of your days. If you have been successful as "a funny man" your readers may be disappointed, and even offended, if you dare to set before them a tragedy, however worthy a piece of work it may be. And yet there is not the smallest reason why a modern writer should not successfully emulate his predecessors of long ago and produce comedies and tragedies of equal merit.

❀

AND, actually, this happens. I have just been reading Mr. Arnold Golsworthy's new book. Under his pen-name of "Jingle" Mr. Golsworthy is not unknown to readers of THE BYSTANDER. Under his own name he has written light-hearted novels and verse. You look on him, indeed, as a man of the comic spirit. You expect him to be whimsical and witty, a little sly, perhaps, on occasion, the jolliest possible companion. In *The Fanatic* (Hughes), however, he shows himself in an entirely new light. For here is a serious three-act drama in verse, a story of a religious conflict in the Arabia of thirteen centuries ago.

❀

TWO things, it seems to me, must be said about *The Fanatic*. It should act very well: as well as it reads. The diction is simple and always dignified, and the interest is maintained to the last scene. The play, however, is much more than a tragedy of the old-time Arabian desert. It may be read allegorically. In the last analysis, as some great man once said, all human conflict has a theological basis. Mr. Goldsworthy's fanatic brings fire and sword to a peaceful tribe because they are following what are to him false gods. The pain and sorrow he inflicts recoils on himself, but his ideal is retained. *The Fanatic* is the minor tragedy of two small warring tribes, but it is also in a measure the major tragedy of all the nations throughout history.

Lenare

SEEING "BETTER DAYS"—AS OTHERS SEE IT

Mr. George Baker, the well-known baritone, who sings so pleasantly in "Better Days" at the Hippodrome, takes a look at this revue through the all-seeing eye of "The Bystander"

"BP" Persian Series, No. 5

[From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

The Tomb of Khusru Pharviz

Erected to the memory of Khusru Pharviz, a famous Persian King of the fifth century, this tomb, hewn from the solid rock, is a fine example of the sculptural art of Persia and a fitting monument to a great ruler.

Gliding by is seen a pleasure craft of the period, a Persian noble seated beneath the canopy.

It is a striking commentary on the changing destinies of empires that a land so full of ancient custom and tradition should to-day largely owe its prosperity to the very antithesis of its customary modes of travel—the motor car.

The call for oil for ships, for cars, for every form of machinery sent British pioneers to Persia twenty-four years ago to prove and develop its oilfields, with the result that what were once desolate and barren valleys are to-day centres of great industrial activity.

Drilling derricks, pumping stations, hundreds of miles of pipe line, a refinery, one of the largest and best equipped in the world, populous townships with modern buildings, bungalows, offices and hospitals—all the work of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, employing more than 50,000 souls.

These are the resources behind "BP," the British Petrol, which, in this country alone, gives employment to 20,000 British workers.

"BP"

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British Petroleum Co Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C. 2, Distributing Organisation of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd.

"SENSE & SENSIBILITY"

HOW DOGS SEE IT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

QUITE a notable week for Dog Shows: the big *tamasha* in aid of Earl Haig's Fund, at Ranelagh, yesterday; Bath's Championship Show to-morrow, Thursday, and an interesting event at Derby on Saturday in the form of the Derbyshire Sporting Dog Society's open Show for all Sporting Dogs, an excellent opportunity for meeting some of the cleverest and most delightful people of the canine family.

There's nothing novel about it, and in one country or another such instances crop up daily, but that valuable journal, *Our Dogs*, is none the less to be thanked for recording incidents like that connected with the recent death of Colonel C. Murray, at the Hotel Victoria, Aldershot. They should be noted by all who think the mentality of Dogs overrated. A Dog named Rex, who lived at the hotel, was specially devoted to Colonel Murray. From the time of becoming aware of his friend's death, Rex refused to touch food. On the day of the funeral he was found lying beside the coffin, and shortly afterwards he died.

The Kennelman has declined with thanks to take part in forming a society to prevent the exploitation of Dogs in any form of *work*. He is convinced there are many forms of work, of active, rational and useful employment, which Dogs thoroughly enjoy—regarding it from precisely the same angle at which they see, and love, sport—which are extremely good for them, and in which they can excel, and accomplish what they most love; giving valuable service to their friend, Man. A society to prevent enforced idleness and boredom among Dogs, or to prevent their exploitation on the stage and in the performance of tricks—an unnatural and humiliating business which they loathe—the Kennelman would support *con amore*. The same society might usefully concentrate on teaching humans the duty of properly educating and controlling their Dogs, and such desirable reforms as the compulsory registration of all Dogs and litters of pups, which would soon have the effect of eliminating the stray mongrel and homeless street cur, whose existence is a danger, and discreditable to our humanity. But rational, suitable work, in partnership with their human friends—the Dogs *love* it. If every rural police station had its trained Dogs there would be a deal less crime.

"Answering one correspondent, you dealt with the value of the occasional use of kennels even for house Dogs, where their numbers tended to increase. But a point which presents itself with more urgency to some of your readers is this: We hanker after yet another Dog, or maybe two; but counsels of economy forbid. Yet many people make their Dogs pay for themselves, and even more. How's it done—without launching into a regular business? How about getting a stud Dog, and making an income in fees?"

H'm! Some expert knowledge is required for the running of a stud Dog, and he needs the prestige of show prize-winning. Even as a pup, you are not likely to buy him for a song. A safer line of attack would be the acquisition of a brood bitch—perfect in pedigree and constitution, judiciously mating her—her second season, not her first—with a view to the advertisement and sale of her puppies, directly after weaning. A variety which is popular and in good demand has obvious advantages over less well-known breeds; but there are coming-on varieties in which the supply is limited and competition less keen.

Look, Nannie!—I've done my Baby's too, with

"NUGGET"
BOOT POLISH

There's a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made.
Sold everywhere in 3d. and 6d. tins.

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WHICH WILL GIVE REAL EASE & COMFORT.

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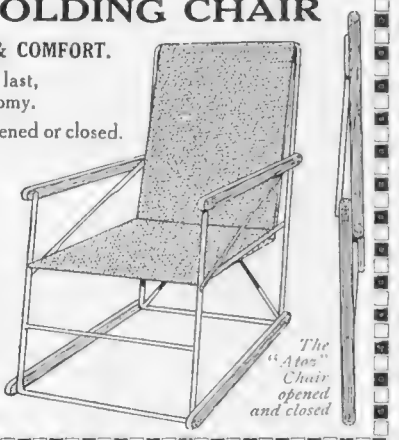
WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.



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URIC ACID, GOUT, GRAVEL,
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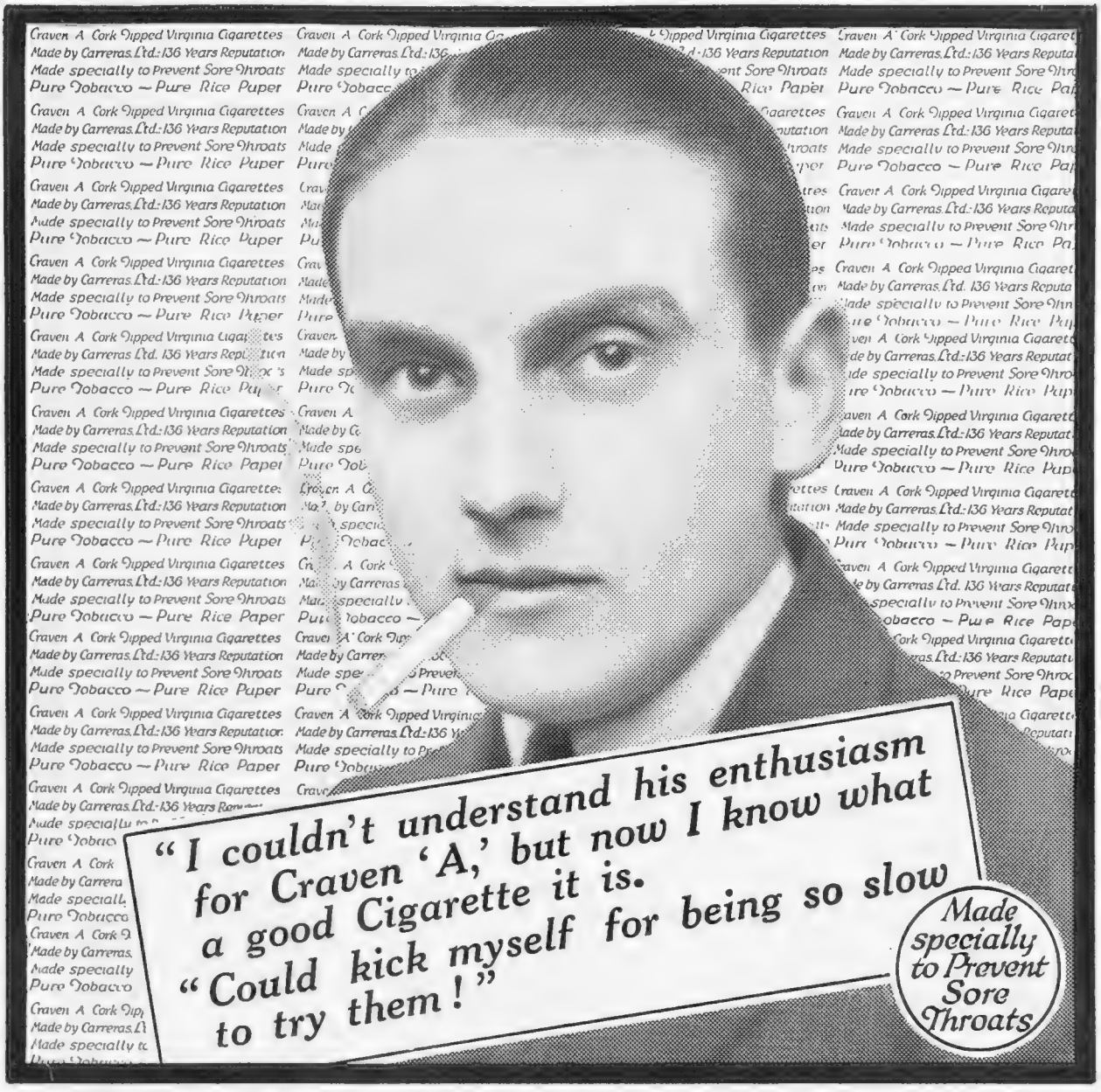

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CORK TIPPED

Virginia Cigarettes

Made by Carreras Limited 136 Years Reputation for Quality

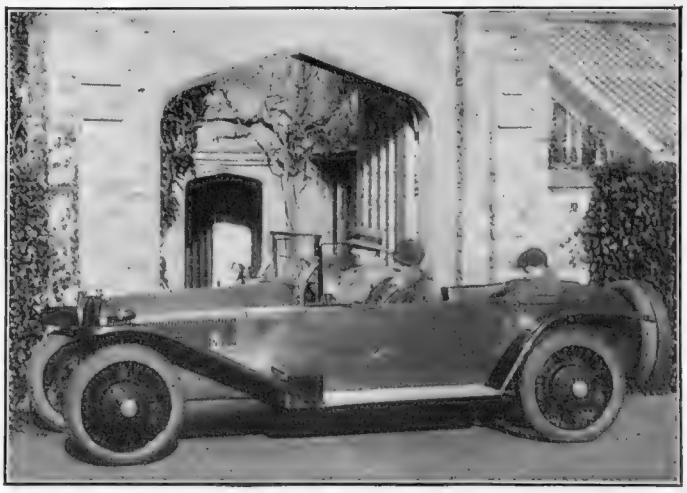
50 for 2/6 **20 for 1/-** **100 for 5/-**

MOTOR NOTES

A SUBJECT of general interest at the moment is the alleged danger of our roads, but what can one expect when 80,000 more private cars are licensed for use at the present moment than was the case last year? When one also considers the increased number of motor-cycles and commercial vehicles, and also remembers that road expansion has not kept pace with the increase in the number of vehicles, it is not really surprising that a certain amount of congestion is experienced.

* * *

THERE is no definite solution of the problem, but a temporary improvement may be made by drivers exercising more care. The ultimate solution lies in the creation of new and wider roads, which is, naturally, a slow process. Another contributary cause of the alleged danger of the roads is the fact that certain of the new surfaces become extremely treacherous when they are slightly wet. The very latest of our new roads, namely, that to Southend, is getting a bad name for itself owing to the number of accidents which has taken place, the cause in most cases being said to be due to skidding. It must be remembered, however, that this road is only half-width at present, and when it is finally completed to its maximum width and alterations, if necessary, made to the surface, it should be one of the safest in the kingdom.



A SPIN IN SOMERSET
Major J. Orr-Ewing with his wife and son in his Lancia "Lambda" outside their pretty house at Taunton

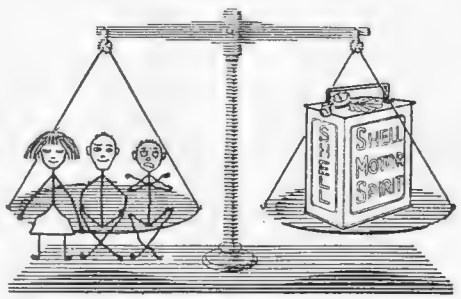
* * *

MY first experience of the Alvis car was when it beat me by a fraction of a second for fastest time in a speed hill-climb. So forgiving is my nature, however, that I bore it no malice, and have watched with interest the development of this remarkable car. The latest model is really surprising, as I know from actual experience. The car in question was a 12-50 h.p. touring car with the fullest possible equipment, yet the car, which is only liable to a £12 tax, cheerfully attained a speed of 70 m.p.h. on the track, and that without any fuss or bother. In the same locality, it climbed the test hill from a standing start, the final speed over the crest being twenty-one miles an hour on bottom gear. Bearing in mind that the Alvis has four speeds, with excellently chosen ratios, these two figures will indicate the exceptionally wide range of revolutions possessed by the engine.

* * *

IT must not be thought that the Alvis is a tearing racing car, fitted with a touring body, as it is very sweet in its running and is very easily controlled. The springing is excellent and every comfort is provided. It is one of those really nice cars with a very big reserve of power, very rarely required, but very useful when it is wanted. I was unable to carry out consumption tests, but I understand that the Alvis is very economical to run. As is to be expected on a modern car, and particularly on a fast one, the Alvis is fitted with four-wheel brakes of the makers' own design. These are very smooth in their action, and the higher the speed of the car the greater their power. This makes driving even simpler and allows of a high average being maintained without doing excessive speed and without taking risks. The Alvis is a car which, in my opinion, has a very great future.

(Continued on page 610)



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THE character of motor spirit depends upon its inherent qualities—which may differ according to its source of origin. The ideal motor spirit is that in which aromatics, naphthenes and paraffins are well-balanced.

As Shell is not dependent on one source of supply, the CORRECT BALANCE of aromatics, naphthenes, and paraffins for obtaining the best results can be and is invariably maintained in Shell.

"THE THREE HYDROCARBONS" This booklet tells an instructive story. For a free copy write to Dept. K. 6. SHELL-MEX, LTD., G.P.O. Box 148, Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

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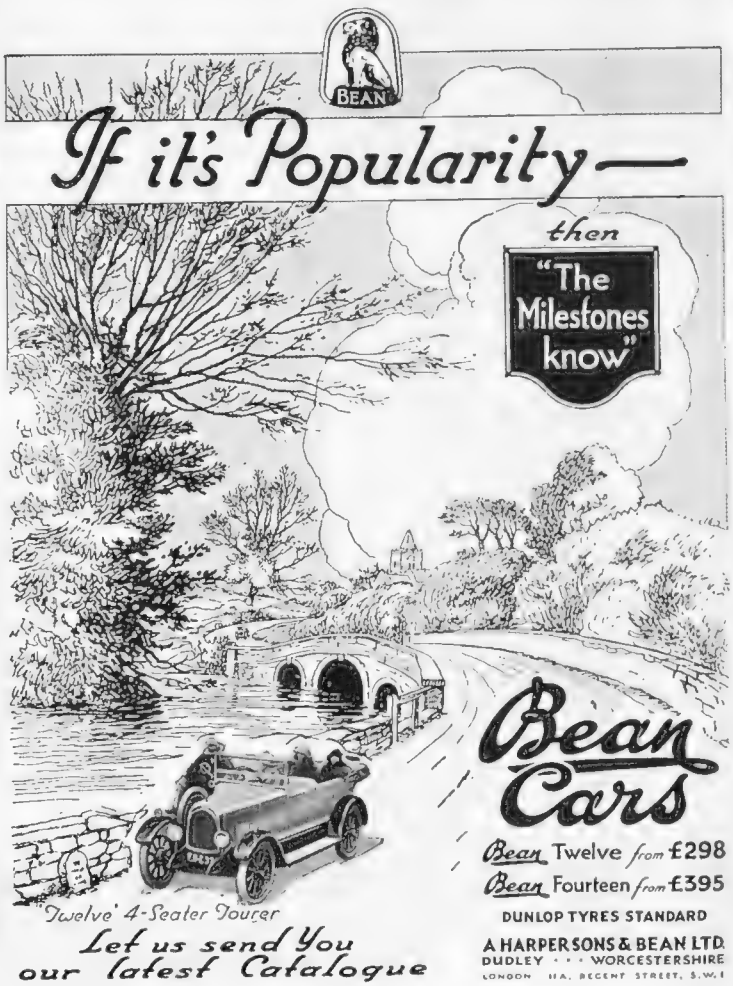


Let your new car be a Fiat

IT will not only give you years of reliable service, but should occasion necessitate change of ownership it will find a ready market and command a good price.

This important point is apt to be overlooked by car purchasers.

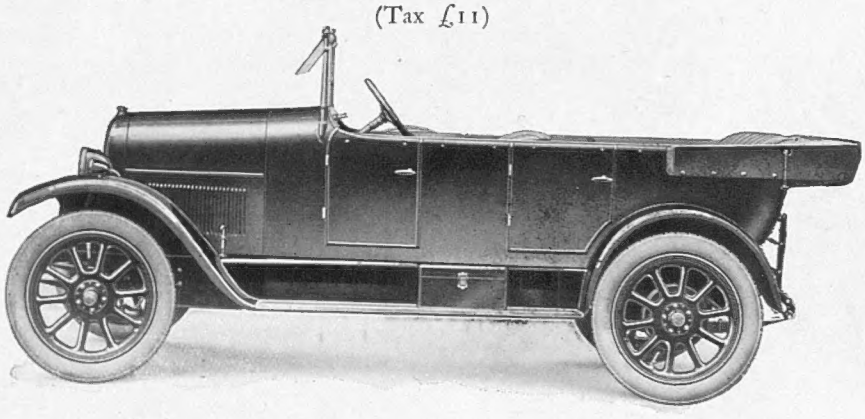
Another cogent reason for making the Fiat your choice is that the value is exceptional in character, an instance of which is perceived in the

10/15 h.p. Torpedo £325

(Tax £11)

Standard Equipment for every touring car and chassis, except the Popular model, includes: Electric Lighting Set and Starter, 5 Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Spare Wheel and 5 Michelin Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

WARNING.—With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this Company. Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.



Generous accommodation for five persons. The cushions and squabs are inclined at a comfortable angle. The front seat is adjustable to ensure ample leg room.

Upholstered in real antique leather. The coachwork is of the highest order and appointments and finish are distinguished for refinement.

FIAT RANGE OF MODELS COMPRISES:
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The Car of International Reputation.

THE constantly increasing demand for the Crossley Fourteen and the encouragement given to British cars by the new Budget has justified its makers in arranging a still larger production, which in its turn results in further economies in manufacture. As a direct result the price of this popular model has been reduced from £435 to £395, the equipment including four-wheel brakes, rear wind-screen, etc. This price reduction coincides with the introduction of a new and improved five-seater body having four wide doors and providing generous accommodation for the full number of passengers. The general specification remains unchanged. Popular as it has been hitherto, the Crossley Fourteen at its new price, and with its increased equipment, should prove even more popular.

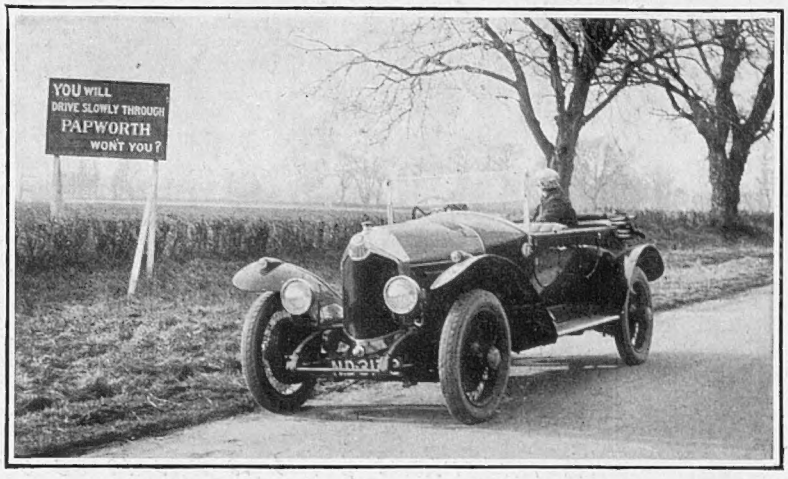
* * *

WITH a car which is now running in its second or third season the carburetter is often the most vital point, owing to the continued improvements which are taking place in this direction. Owners of two or three-year-old models should, therefore, be particularly interested in the offer of the Zenith Carburetter Co., Ltd., to supply one of their carburetters on a month's free trial. This offer indicates the confidence of the manufacturers in the ability of the Zenith carburetter to improve the running of such cars. Any Bystander reader interested in this offer should drop a line to 44, Newman Street, London, W.1, for particulars and also for a copy of the very attractive catalogue which has just been published.

* * *

THE motorist whose means compel him to purchase a standard car has his little trials and tribulations as regards delivery, equipment, etc., but it is not generally realised that the fortunate motorist who can pay large sums for special bodies and garages also has his troubles. A case recently came to my notice. A motorist had purchased one of the world's best chassis, and had ordered separately a very special body by a famous firm of coachbuilders, providing the main idea for the design himself. One of his stipulations was that the over-all height of the car should not exceed a certain amount, to which the coachbuilders agreed. The motorist thereupon set about having a garage built which would house his beautiful car when completed. Space was limited, and it was only possible to have the top of the doorway a few inches more than the height of the car. Just before the car was finished the coachbuilders brightly advised him that the car would be higher than expected, so the unfortunate purchaser was in the position of owning a new car which would not go into his new garage. He was naturally considerably annoyed. As it was impossible to reduce the height of the car special arrangements had to be made to raise the garage roof. All's well that ends well, and now that he has got his car he is so thoroughly satisfied that he can see the humour of his former unfortunate experience.

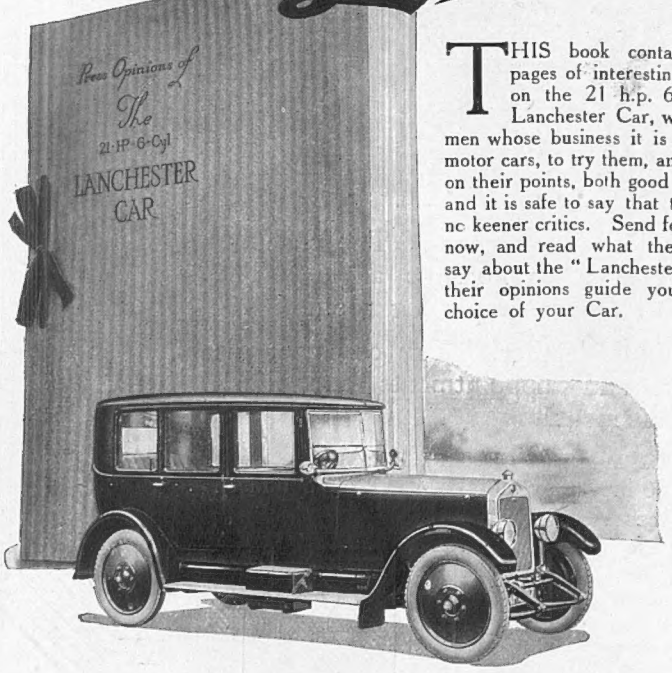
GEORGE C. STEAD



FOR THOSE WHO RUN (SMOOTHLY) TO READ

A Crossley owner pulling up to read a few pertinent remarks outside the village of Papworth Everard on the Huntingdon-Royston road

Opinions of the 21 H.P. 6 Cylinder Lanchester



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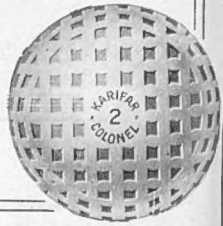

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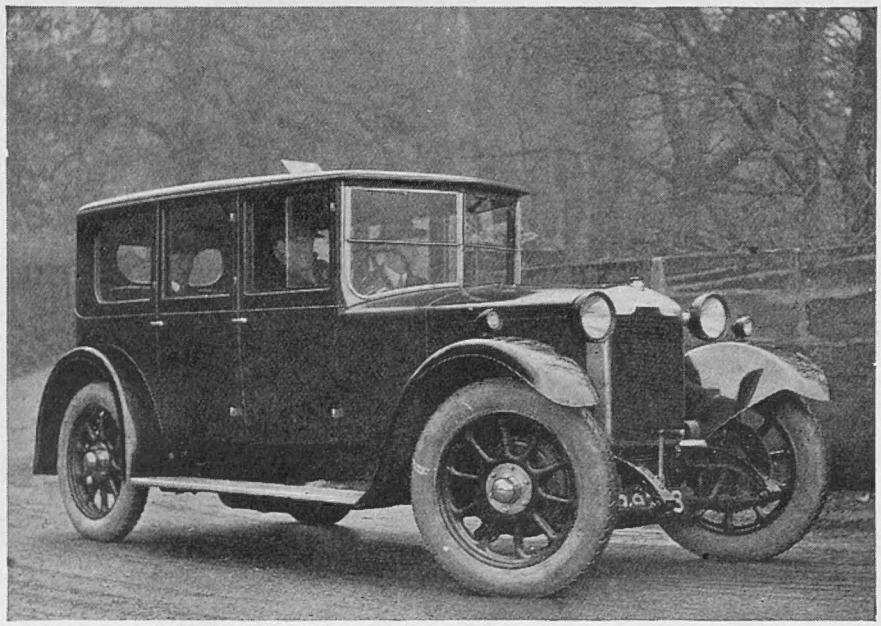

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